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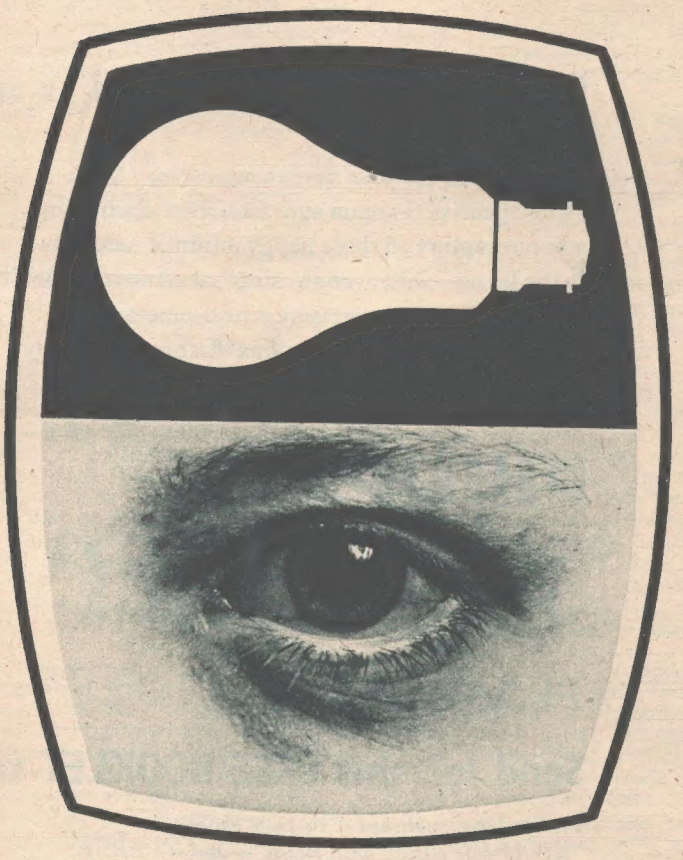

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Free Speech

- **Child diplomats show parents the way**
- **Are British airmen getting soft?**
- **Russian candles soothed our chests**

ALL my friends who have spent holidays abroad are eager to describe them in terms of hotels, trains, food, weather and, occasionally, scenery.

But not one has made a European friend, learned more than a few phrases of a language, or gained any first-hand knowledge of another nation's outlook and problems.

Exchange visiting by children seems to be the only hope we have of reaching mutual understanding. Children can show us the way to make friendships because they still have open minds.—P. S., Chichester, Sussex.

Hobos' Paradise

I don't agree with D. Morris of London when he says that the Welfare State has eliminated the tramp ("Free Speech," October 19).

There must be a sign on my gate visible only to the initiated, because every type of hobo—from the bearded "padder" to the gentlemanly "poster" with his belongings in an attaché case—comes to my side door. I also get the old woman who hasn't had a meal since Tuesday, the gipsy selling clothes pegs or artificial flowers ("You have a lucky face, lady") and the exotic turbanned gentleman who never fails to sell me a blinding necktie and throws in a lucky charm and free character reading for good measure.

Perhaps I'm a prize sucker, but I reckon that the entertainment I get from my odd visitors is more than worth the cups of tea, bread and cheese and odd shillings it costs me. —M. L., Bristol.

. . . I can see only one difference between the old-time tramps and the new. The modern tramp uses a bicycle because the distances between "kips" and free meals are so much greater.

The tramp I met in a Norfolk pub last month was well known and liked by the locals. He played the piano, joked and talked very intelligently on several subjects—and described himself as general secretary of the Milestone Inspectors' Union. — J. FIELDING, Landseer Street, Oldham.

Foggy Foggy Fear

Last month British Overseas Airways Corporation cut Manchester from its American route because of predicted fog. But Manchester Airport was clear. The previous Saturday the Foreign Secretary was unable to fly to America in a B.O.A.C. aircraft because of fog. He took off instead on an American tourist flight.

Shortly after the war, when I was on aircrew duties with B.O.A.C., we

frequently flew our ex-R.A.F. aircraft in the face of adverse meteorological reports. I have flown when the skipper has been strapped in and fighting with the controls as if he were riding a bucking bronco.—DAVID WALL, Weaste Lane, Salford, 5, Lancashire.

"The captain of each aircraft decides whether it's safe to take off," says B.O.A.C. "In borderline cases two captains faced with similar meteorological reports might make different decisions. There is no need to bronco-ride for more than a few minutes at a time these days because most airliners have pressurized cabins and can fly above turbulent weather."

Condition Of Sale

When I went into a seaside café with a friend and her two children recently we ordered two coffees and paid for them.

The woman behind the counter asked: "What about the children? Everyone who comes in here has to buy something. Those are my orders."

The children had already had sweets and ice-cream that morning, but to save unpleasantness we bought

two mineral waters which the children disliked. We never gave the place our custom for the rest of the holiday, but we are still wondering whether we could have been forced to buy. MRS. L. M. D., Ferryhill, Co. Durham.

"If you go and sit in a café or restaurant without buying anything you can be asked to leave," says a lawyer. "But you are not obliged to buy anything for a child in your charge. As Mrs. L. M. D. and her friend had already paid for their coffees they were entitled to sit tight and drink them. And anyone who had tried to put the children outside could have been summoned for common assault."

Forgot His Hood

I liked the Christening cover (JOHN BULL, October 12), but may I point out that clergymen's academic hoods are not worn with stoles? Pardon my temerity—an excellent subject was chosen for your picture.—THE REV. STUART W. WHITEHOUSE, Wookey Vicarage, Wells, Somerset.

"The stole dates back to the fourth century and is worn when administering a Sacrament," says the Church Information Board. "Your cover parson may have been wearing his academic hood while preaching, but he should have taken it off for the Christening."

Candle Poultice

I was surprised that in Rex Grizell's article about candles ("New Glamour For An Old Flame," JOHN BULL, September 21), no mention was made of the old Russian tallow candle. When I was a boy, forty years ago, my mother's stock remedy for all chesty complaints was tallow candle melted on to a sheet of thick brown paper and applied hot to the chest.

But I haven't seen a Russian tallow candle since.—F. STALLEY, Cornwallis Place, Saffron Walden, Essex.

"These candles were British made from imported Russian tallow, which was cheap and plentiful in those

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

JOHN BULL

189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

CHANCERY 3344 NOVEMBER 9, 1957 VOLUME 102 NUMBER 2680

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Lisbet Holmes—she prefers beauty to comfort at home

LISBET HOLMES, the thirty-nine year old mother and business woman who writes *I Went Shopping In Red China* on page 17, has a job which means looking ahead. Danish-born Mrs. Holmes is a buyer in a London departmental store, and she has to order stock eleven months before it is needed: at present she is ordering for the "treasure" and antique goods department for next year's tourist season.

"But a buyer is always the mug," she says. "Either you buy too much, and stock is left on your hands, or you under-buy and lose the chance of business. You can never be just right."

Mrs. Holmes and her husband, who is an estate agent, live at Hampton Court. While in China, Mrs. Holmes took the opportunity to buy a few Oriental trinkets for her own home, which is decorated in Eastern style throughout. "There isn't a comfortable chair in the house," she admits, "but I prefer beauty to comfort."

After visiting China, Mrs. Holmes went to India. There she visited a fortune teller. "He said that my travels were just beginning, and that I had a lot farther to go."

In a little over a year's time, Lisbet Holmes will be busy making this prophecy come true. She plans to return to the Far East and visit Peking again, taking the route from Kashmir followed by Marco Polo, the merchant adventurer. But there will be no trains and planes this time; she plans to go the hard way—by mule.

PEOPLE are often surprised when they learn that Dunn, whose latest cartoon appears on page 41, is a woman. But Sheila Dunn thinks that there is nothing more natural than women cartoonists, although there are only two or three of them in the country. "After all," she says, "women are renowned for the sharpness of their tongues: why not of their sketching pens, too?"

She admits, though, that being a woman artist can have its disadvantages. Drawing men's clothes correctly, for instance, always used to present a problem to Miss Dunn. "I had to spend hours in menswear shops studying suits and shirts," she says. "Sometimes the shop assistants must have thought that I had designs on them."

It wasn't until she had been a magazine and book illustrator for thirty years that Miss Dunn turned to cartoons. Oddly enough, it was the war that taught her how much humour there is in people's everyday affairs. The East End air raid shelter where she worked as a Red Cross nurse during the London blitz, and the Citizens' Advice Bureau which she later ran in Chelsea, were full of gaiety.

When she first started doing cartoons a couple of years after the war, Miss Dunn thought that she would never be able to invent enough ideas. From her ninth floor flat in Chelsea she gazed despairingly across the roofs of London seeking inspiration. And then she remembered her wartime experiences. "I just went shopping in the King's Road, stood in a queue—and the ideas came pouring in from the conversations of the housewives around me."

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Serial No. 2276 BRITISH GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE GUARANTEES REFUND OF MONEY OR REPLACEMENT IF NOT IN CONFORMITY WITH THE INSTITUTE'S STANDARDS

Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

days," says a manufacturer. "But tallow is now almost entirely superseded by paraffin wax."

A doctor adds: "Mr. Stalley's mother was using a very reliable old technique. There is a proprietary product which performs the same function today—although a modern hot water bottle wrapped in flannel is also effective."

Fined By Dentists

As a penalty for breaking two dental appointments my wife was recently made to pay 10s. for each. But a friend of ours paid only 7s. 6d. at

another dentist's and a colleague at yet another was let off scot free.

Is there a scale of charges laid down by the National Health Service, or are such penalties left to the discretion of individual dentists?—LEONARD IDRIS ROWLANDS, Caerphilly Road, Cardiff.

"Dentists are entitled to charge for time lost in this way," says the British Dental Association. "Most of them charge a proportion of what they would have received had they done the job. Until recently this right was not so strictly enforced, but there is now an acute shortage of dentists. Patients often have to be kept waiting two or three months and those who break appointments without warning add to the difficulties."

Quarantined Pets

I agree with L. H. Graves of Monmouthshire that six months in quarantine for dogs entering Britain is far too long ("Free Speech," October 5). The side-tracking answer from the Ministry is that rabies can't be detected and that dogs in quarantine have shown rabies symptoms even in the sixth month.

This suggests that Britain's quarantine is a more dangerous measure than compulsory inoculation followed by only two weeks' quarantine. No dog has yet contracted rabies after this. Hundreds of Americans who would spend thousands of dollars in Britain resent being treated like children by red tape artists.—ERIC BATCHELOR, Palmerston Place, Edinburgh, 12.

. . . Friends of mine had to pay £40 to take their cat to Australia. Of this £16 16s. was for quarantine charges—ninety days maximum, but only sixty if the cat had been in contact with no other animal during the voyage.

Now that they are returning to Britain their cat is faced with six months' quarantine. Yet cats are not subject to any disease of a severity comparable with rabies, and ships' cats can come and go at will in British ports.—MRS. D. V. KENNARD, Hill Top Road, Harrogate.

"Inoculation is a useful control measure in countries where rabies is rife," says the Ministry of Agriculture. "But it isn't one hundred per cent effective and countries that are rabies-free have adopted quarantine.

"Cats can, in fact, carry rabies. Ships' cats are not allowed ashore and if they escape they are put into quarantine as soon as they are captured. Ships' cables are even fitted with metal guards to prevent unofficial landings and embarkations by disease-carrying rats."

Bloodthirsty Women

If, according to O. L., of Surbiton, women spectators at boxing and rugger matches are more bloodthirsty than men ("Free Speech," October 12), it seems strange that their sadistic tendencies don't show up in early youth. The children who are cruel to animals always seem to be boys. I've never yet read of a case involving girls. — MRS. D. M. CHAMBERS, Portslade, Sussex.

"Aggressive tendencies seem to develop earlier in boys than in girls," says a psychologist. "But the difference is not nearly as sharp in adulthood and many women do become more obviously aggressive, not only at sporting events but in cruelty to children cases, husband nagging and the like."

Burning Problems

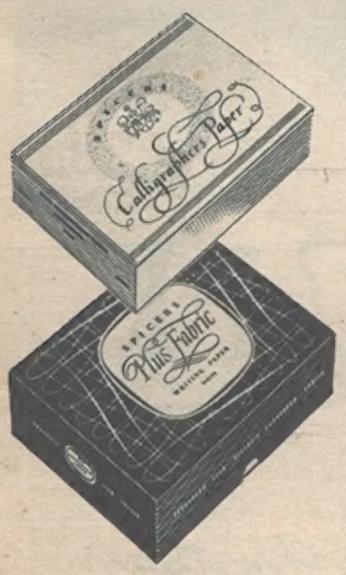
I agree with Mrs. K. M. of Bristol that November 5 is the night for getting rid of rubbish ("Free Speech," October 19). Last bonfire night we were secretly pleased when our son had only a small collection to burn. We thought that it would all be over by 9 o'clock.

But we hadn't reckoned with the neighbours, who handed us so much old furniture, matting and linoleum that we were still pouring water on the smouldering remains at midnight —long after our son was in bed and asleep. The strangest contribution was from an old lady of eighty who wanted to add the fat from her chip pan to the blaze. She said that she hadn't enjoyed herself so much for years.—MRS. E. M. VERITY, Ashleigh Street, Darwen, Lancashire.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

HE *could* have his hands on the very thing to bring an air of period grace to their contemporary lounge. But he could also be handling a fortune; for he is in uncertain shopping territory when knights in armour jostle with chipped china cups. So artist Petts advises Father to show caution. He might also keep an eye on Junior, who seems to think that that suit of armour has conversion possibilities as a spaceman's suit. Maybe there's something in that, too, since a knight's armour weighed less than a first World War soldier's kit.



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QUEEN OF EGYPT

"There's death in the cards tonight," she whispered. "But not for me . . . never for me!"

by BRIAN CLEEVE

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

GIPSIES and horsemen and a thousand voices in the darkness; great yellow flowers of light under the battered wooden tops of the roundabouts; the smell of paraffin and men and animals; ring of pennies on the try-your-luck boards; shriek of girls on the swings; it's in my blood, and I can't leave it, although it's never been the same to me since the Queen of Egypt died.

I couldn't live any other way, and sometimes, when I see the moon come riding above the roundabouts, I think the Queen must still be there across the alley, in the little tent with the faded golden signs of the zodiac

The caravan was full of shadows as we watched the cards. Chariot, Fool, ten of swords . . . one by one the Queen laid them before Tony

painted on it, and her dark head bent over the Tarots. And I can hear her voice whispering in the shadows, half-frightened and half-laughing. *There's death in the cards tonight, Jimmy, but not for me. Never for me.*

Those times I think she's still alive. And maybe—maybe she is.

She was small and dark and vivid; like sunlight on water when she was laughing, and like lightning in the heart of a black cloud when she was crossed. I saw her sink her teeth in Gus's hand one time till they met on the bone, and he still carries the scar of it like a white new moon. And I've known other men who'd have treasured a scar like that from her. Even myself, maybe. And Tony O'Mahony for another.

Tony shared the carnival that time with Gus. Not legally, because none of us went in for contracts and things like that. Lawyers are for town people. We just spat hands on a bargain and kept it, as Tony had done with Gus's father. The old man ran the side-shows and Tony ran the big tent, and no matter which of them made the most in any stand, they split even. In one town the side-shows might take nothing, and the next the tent show might be down, but it evened out over the year.

The side-shows were the usual thing; a fox-headed lady and a tattooed woman; cockshies, dart games and roll-the-balls; and, of course, the Queen and her fortune-telling, that her mother had run before her.

But the tent show wasn't a proper circus; it was all horses; dancing horses; girls riding bareback; trick riding; and a chariot race for the climax of the show, with Tony and his cousin Mickey lashing two chariots round the arena, two horses harnessed to each, the sand flying and the wheels locking and the girls in the front row screaming. I don't know what the Romans would have thought of it all, but down in the south-west of Ireland they came out of their seats for it.

But then, women came out of their seats for Tony whatever he was doing. He was not a tall man, but he was built like a statue, with skin dark as bronze from the sun and wind, hair black as a crow's wing, and his eyes light blue and careless. You can imagine the way he looked in the chariot race; golden helmet burning in the light from the paraffin flares; crimson horsehair crest and tunic, and his arms bare; white teeth flashing and the wheels skidding and thundering in the sand.

He was about thirty the time I'm telling you of, and he'd been running the tent for ten years. When he joined up with Gus's father, the Queen of Egypt and Gus himself were still kids. She was eight or nine, with a dirty face and a ragged frock, always crawling out of the back of her mother's fortune-telling booth and going down to the big tent to watch Tony and the gipsies, and play with the ponies. It was as if her blood was calling her. Most of us side-show folk are tinkers; ordinary folk, except that we live on the road. But the Queen and her mother were gipsies pure, with Egypt in their eyes.

Gus was a different class of child entirely. He was about fourteen then, with pimples and a Dublin accent, and big ideas about inheriting the business from his old man. He used to lift his lip like a fox at a gamekeeper's trap when he'd seen the little Queen scuttering by with her dirty frock and her hair in black rats' tails.

But ten years later, the time all this is about, it was another story, and that's where the trouble lay. Gus's old man was dead a couple of years, and Gus and Tony were running the show like a couple of edgy stallions in double harness.

Gus had grown out of his pimples, although he still had the queer accent, and he was a big, powerful man like his father had been in his prime. He was a bullock of a man, not well shaped or built for speed, but solid, like a barrel of pork. He had sandy eyelashes and a sandy fuzz of hair on his body like coconut matting, and a bald patch on his head already at twenty-four. He used to say it was the wear and tear of his brains.

But the real change was in the little Queen. I've told you she was like sunlight dancing, but if I could sing I couldn't tell you of the boldness of her; the way her eyes would flirt and snap at a man like a kitten playing; paws soft as swansdown, and then, sudden as an April wind, her claws out like tiny needles raking your hand. She could make a man drunk by laughing at him, and sober him again with a lift of her chin. The Devil was in her, horns and tail, and God help him for the time he must have had in her.

HER mother died of bad gin when the little Queen was fifteen about, and she took to the business as if she'd been born in a crystal ball. Only, not having a crystal ball, those being expensive, she used a pool of ink and her mother's old Tarot cards. She'd lay them down slowly, cups and swords, pence and rods, Hanged Man and Pope and Chariot, and the farmwives' eyes would come out on stalks and they'd sweat with fear. I used to watch sometimes from the shadows at the back of the tent and I'd see them crossing themselves under the rickety old card table, and then dart a little scared sheep look at the Queen in case she'd rise up and blast them for it.

"I see a man," the Queen would say, "handsome as a summer morning, the light on his face burning like the sunlight on ripe corn . . . coming to the half-door of a cottage with a twist of grass in his hand to bind a girl's heart to him . . ." and the fat wife would gasp and shudder and heave her way out of the tent with her heart pounding.

"By God," I'd say, "your ma was nothing to you for a liar."

And I remember her answering once: "It wasn't lying I was, Jimmy. I really saw him—a man out of a fairy hill, with a blaze of light round him and a silver hand. But it wasn't for that old woman he was coming, I'll give you that. It was for me, for me!" And she shrieked like a little witch with laughter and went skidding out of the tent, hopping and skipping and running in her Queen's robes down the alleyway until she came to the lemonade stall to spend the sixpence she had earned. Of course, even then she was only sixteen.

But it was a sixteen that would stop a man's heart. She stopped Gus's heart without an effort and knocked a hole in it. I'd see him going round the show with a moony look on his face, and he took to wearing bow ties and putting grease on his bit of hair. You could smell him coming down the alley. And the little Queen dangled him on her fingertips and made him buy her lemonade.

But whenever she was free she was down by the big tent. And the funny thing was, Tony was the one man in the show who didn't care if she was there or not. He treated her like a kitten, and he'd kick her out of his way as soon as he'd stroke her back.

Maybe he'd seen too much of her when she was a kid. And then, too, I think he was worried because the show was slipping a bit. First there was the cinema, and then the dance halls, attracting the trade away, and on top of that too many people had seen the act before.

As a result, in stand after stand the side-shows made the profit and the tent-shows lost it. I'd hear Gus and Tony quarrelling more and more about divvying up.

"You got to change the show," Gus would shout, "or else get the hell out of my hair and go broke somewhere else."

"Hair?" Tony would say. "A monk would feel bald with that much hair. My show was good enough for your old man and it's more than good enough for you." And then you'd hear the pair of them at it clear across the fairground, Gus shouting that he was losing money

Eyes wild with fear, the Queen grabbed Tony by the arm. Gus got to his feet holding a chunk of chariot shaft in his hands

and Tony snarling back that there wasn't anything you could do with horses that he wasn't already doing.

It couldn't go on like that for ever, and we all knew it, and we were all a bit afraid, because it wouldn't be the same show without the tent and the chariot race, and maybe the people wouldn't come any more. Even if they didn't spend their half-dollars in the tent itself, they brought them to spend in the side-shows, and half the reason they came was the excitement that the horses and the posters of the chariot show gave to a town when we came to it.

I tried to tell Gus that after a really bad

quarrel with Tony. "You drive him out," I said, "and we'll all sink." And just at that moment the Queen went by in a green dress like a leaf blowing on the wind, and I saw Gus's face. She smiled at him and half turned towards us, and then she seemed to catch sight of something else and away she went, feet dancing, long, brown legs skimming down the alley towards Tony's tent.

Gus shut his eyes and I saw the muscles go white and hard in his face, and I knew that it wasn't any good talking to him. He didn't care whether Tony's half of the show made money or not. He just wanted him to go. And I think that the only thing that stopped him breaking his father's bargain then and there was the fear that the Queen would go, too.

And maybe the Queen knew more than you'd give her credit for, because it was she who told Tony how he could change his act. It was as if she knew that, if Tony went, he wouldn't bother to take her.

She and Tony and a few others were all eating in my caravan this particular night.

"What you want in your act is a fight," she said. "People don't want to see just a horse race any more. They want to see you and the other driver quarrelling and hitting each other with your whips. They want to see the chariots crashing. And they'd like it better still if there was a dozen of you in it. Suppose you had some of us dressed up as Romans in the front row and, just when you crashed, we all piled in to the arena and fought like mad, as if we were fighting for the chariot driver we'd put our bets on? It'd bring the tent down."

It was a crazy, kid's idea. But then, the people we wanted to get into the show were kids. "Why not try it?" I said to Tony. "Nobody can get worse than a black eye."

"Maybe I will at that," he said. "We got to do something." And over the other side of the caravan table I saw the Queen rocking with joy like a little brown devil full of flames and wickedness, as if she knew what would happen out of it all.

I think that was the start of it with her and Tony, as far as Tony was concerned. He suddenly realized that she wasn't a child any more. He gave her a quite different kind of smile all of a sudden, and put his big hand over hers on the table. "Maybe this is the beginning of something better," he said. "Tell my fortune, Queen of Egypt, and make it good."

You wouldn't see sunlight like it for the way her face lit up. "I'll get my cards," she said, and she wasn't gone before she was back, catching her breath and gasping from running, and the Tarots in her hand. "Pick," she said. "Seven for the Star; five for the Moon; one for the ground you stand on."

I swear the lights went dimmer. The caravan was full of shadows, just our faces lit by the lamp as we watched the cards. Chariot, Fool, ten of swords, six of rods . . . laying them one by one between her and Tony. The Hanged Man in the centre, the nine of cups . . . I saw Tony twisting his hands in a kind of nervousness.

And then, suddenly, with a shriek of anger and a sweep of her hand, the Queen sent the cards flying on to the caravan floor. She turned her shriek into a laugh, and the lights seemed brighter again. "Fools," she said. "You're as bad as the servant girls with their sixpences. Get away out of it, you poor gorms. I want to get some sleep."

But after they'd gone she came back for her cards. That was the time she told her own fortune, the way I said in the beginning. And I can hear her voice still, with a small tremble in it like a child who realizes that it may not get a treat after all. "There's death in the cards tonight, Jimmy." And then the laugh coming and her head going up like a kitten dancing away from a beetle that's frightened it, and pretending that nothing has happened. "But not for me. Never for me. People don't die, do they, Jimmy?" she whispered, clinging to my hands. "Not really die for ever and ever in the dark?" And I saw the fear and loneliness in her eyes, under the laughter.

Next day Tony started rehearsing the new act, and he sent up to the Queen to tell her to come and watch. I saw her going down to him. She kept him waiting half an hour, now that she knew he was in her hands, but she made up for that by finery: golden ear-rings like tiny chandeliers swinging against her neck; a silk frock patterned in blue and crimson roses that Gus had bought her in Tralee and that she'd never bothered to wear before, and high-heeled shoes that she could barely tiptoe in.

A week later the new act was taking shape, and it was good. But if it had been a parcel of parish priests being eaten by pagan lions it couldn't have healed the trouble between Gus and Tony. That was already long past healing.

You'd see the Queen and Tony walking together in the mornings, she dancing beside him, and he stepping light with his horseman's walk, bending his head to her and laughing. And they'd walk past Gus's caravan with a flirt and swagger. Tony gave her rings to wear and

Continued on page 42

They wrestle with giants

by ANTHONY HANCOX

Harold Hillier's team shift trees to give nature's skyline a new look—or to hide the man next door

A WEALTHY American woman invited Harold Hillier, who is a tree-moving specialist, to tea in the garden of her London home. During the meal she pointed to three plane trees, sixty feet, seventy feet and one hundred feet tall, which were growing in the garden. "I want you to move them a few yards to the right," she said. "Then the block of flats next door will be screened from my view."

Hillier estimated that the planes weighed between twenty and thirty tons. He paced out the distance from the trees to the spot where they were wanted and told the woman: "It is only fifteen paces, but it is such a difficult job that the cost will be about three hundred pounds." The woman, who had spent £4,000 in two years replanning the garden, agreed.

Normally Hillier uses a crane to lift a big tree, but in this case it was impossible to get even a small crane into the garden. Instead, he ordered his men to fix supporting ropes to each tree, to dig right under the roots, and to cut a trench, fifteen feet wide and six feet deep, from the planes to the replanting site. After two weeks of preparation a team of engineers hired by Hillier arrived with a winch and some rails. The rails were greased and laid in the trench; the wire from the winch was secured to the trunk of the nearest tree. Then inch by inch the giant plane was hauled along the slippery rails, held upright by the supporting ropes and the weight of its big root ball. It took five weeks to replant the three trees—the biggest that Hillier has moved.

Hillier has seven nurseries covering 360 acres in and around Winchester: on 250 acres there are ten thousand different types of trees and shrubs, the greatest variety grown by a commercial nursery anywhere in the temperate regions of the world He sells thousands of ordinary nursety trees, up to twelve feet tall, but his speciality is the big tree—thirty, forty, and even fifty feet high. In an average year he uproots, transports and replants twelve to fifteen of these specimen trees.

"Most people who buy a big tree from me do so not because they want a tree, but because the tree will serve a special purpose," says Hillier, a well-built Hampshire man of fifty-three, who has the patient manner and careful fingers of the good gardener.

Some customers buy a single tree because they want a shady spot in the garden. Others ask for a row of trees to protect a dwelling from the wind. Architects like to contrast the age and sturdiness of a big tree with their modern designs; schools in London have had maples from Hillier and he has replanted limes and planes on estates in Birmingham. A woman in Sherborne, Dorset, paid fifty guineas for a lime so that her two sons could have a tree to climb. A man in Berkshire paid a similar amount for a lime to screen a blank wall of his country house.

The Air Ministry officials who visited the nurseries in 1938 were not interested in beauty, but density—the density of trees for camouflage purposes. They asked Hillier to plant rows of trees at Thorney Island and Odiham R.A.F. stations so that they would break up the long, straight shadows of the aircraft hangars.

The Air Ministry was in a hurry for its camouflage and Hillier had only four months in which to do the job. Trees can be replanted only between November and February while they are dormant. Within a week of the officials' visit, members of Hillier's staff were surprised to see lorries arrive and dump loads of railway track. They were followed by more lorries, which delivered fifteen flat-top trucks. Hillier had hired half a mile of small gauge railway. He had it laid in the nurseries and ran a branch line to each tree as it was needed. Soon his men were hauling beech, elm, lime, maples and horse-chestnuts to the loading points. At the end of the four months Hillier had lifted, transported and replanted 150 big trees.

The cost of being provided with a fully grown tree depends on the variety required, its age, and how far the customer lives from Winchester. However, anyone fancying a twenty-year-old lime, purple Norway maple or double white flowered horse-chestnut will pay between twenty and thirty guineas at current prices. That is the cost of the tree and of lifting it. Transporting and replanting usually adds upward of two-thirds to this price.

Hillier prepares for a replanting by having a circular trench dug round the roots, the diameter varying from five to twelve feet according to the size of the tree. Workmen then tunnel part of the way underneath to a depth of about three feet and cut all but a few of the anchor roots. The earth is replaced, rope stabilizers are fitted, tent fashion, and the tree is normally left for about two years.

"A tree can be lifted immediately," explains Hillier, "but it is better to leave it for a time so that its fibrous roots, by which it feeds, can grow stronger. Then it has a greater chance of surviving the replanting."

Many of the trees in his nurseries are prepared long before they are bought. When the time comes for removal the workmen dig right under the tree and wrap the ball of roots and earth in canvas to protect it during the journey.

WITH a lifting period limited to winter months, Hillier has sometimes been forced to hoist trees on to lorries in rain, snow or wind. He fears the wind most. Last winter, in an attempt to keep a delivery date, he tried to lift five thirty-foot trees with a crane while a wind blew. Four of the trees were safely loaded, but the wind sharpened and swung the fifth backward and forward, making it a giant five-ton pendulum. Hillier and four of his men struggled to hold the swinging tree with ropes, but the wind hurled it against the side of the lorry. Two of the main branches were crushed and the tree had to be destroyed by burning. The trees were being sent to Birmingham for a civic ceremony on a new estate. Hillier did not have another tree of the same type and size and the ceremony was carried out with four trees instead of five.

Routes for Hillier's lorries are chosen with great care to avoid low bridges and narrow streets. Often a police escort is provided. Despite the careful planning, sixty-two year old Frank Stone, one of Hillier's most experienced foremen, always takes a clothes prop when making a delivety. "It is just the thing for holding up telephone wires as we go underneath."

Five twenty-foot maples were transported 380 miles from the nurseries to Ireland, by lorry and boat; a thirty-foot maple was taken 440 miles by rail to Perthshire. It was carried on two flat-top trucks.

If a personal inspection is not made beforehand, Hillier writes to a customer to find out if it is possible to drive a lorry right up to a replanting site. He warns the customer about obstructions such as walls—and other big trees.

At a house in Surrey, Stone was confronted with a gateway which had a branch of a tree overhanging it. The branch was eighteen feet above the ground. Stone's lorry load was twenty feet high. With the permission of the woman owner, Stone sawed off the branch. Then

Harold Hillier sells thousands of trees from his seven Winchester nurseries. Many of his customers buy a single tree: one woman paid fifty guineas for a lime for her sons to climb

One of the sixty-eight trees supplied by Hillier for the Festival of Britain is lowered for planting on London's South Bank

he discovered that the only way to reach the site was to cross a grass tennis court and a neatly trimmed lawn. Determined to have the tree in a spot where she could see it from her bedroom window, the customer allowed the five-ton lorry to go over the court and the lawn.

In the last five years Hillier has planted more than 2,500 different varieties of trees and shrubs in his nurseries. They arrive as seeds and cuttings from other horticulturists in many countries, among them China, Japan, Burma, America and Guatemala. Some of them he refuses to sell. "I collect trees as other people collect postage stamps," he says.

The nurseries were established by his grandfather, Edwin Hillier, in 1864, and Harold was taught the business by his father, Edwin Lawrence Hillier, who began the collection of trees. Helped by a staff of 150, Hillier also grows roses and herbaceous and alpine plants.

One of his shrubs, a natural hybrid-camellia, he has named after his wife, Barbara. They have four children, Robert, Elizabeth and Ruth —all in their teens—and twenty-two year old John who is at present studying American methods at a nursery in Mentor, Ohio.

Some of the produce from the nurseries is shown at flower shows and Hillier has learned to be particularly careful with show customers. "They are apt to see a tree or a shrub and be carried away by its beauty without being sure what they will do with it when they get it home," he says.

A man who bought some flowering crab-apple trees at Chelsea Flower Show later asked Hillier to take them back "because my wife objects to them." Another man who bought three purple-leafed Norway maples also wrote a hurried letter to Hillier asking him to have them back. When he bought the trees they were eight feet tall. Only after he had planted them did he learn that they would grow to sixty feet.

Once Hillier tried to persuade a customer not to buy his trees. In three consecutive years this customer, a Swedish woman, bought a number of evergreens for the garden of her Hampshire home. Hillier warned the woman that if more trees were planted her two-acre garden would look like a forest when they were fully grown.

The woman insisted that the third batch of trees should be planted and paid a bill which brought her total in the three years to £800 for forty trees. "I hate the man next door and I want complete privacy from him," she explained. "There cannot be too many trees between his house and mine." THE END

Jill Hammond tends boxes of tree seedlings. Seeds are sent to the nurseries from all over the world

Hussein was educated at Harrow. When Glubb visited Britain he took him to Battersea fun fair. "He was not amused," says Glubb

Colonel Tell was named as an accessory in Abdulla's murder. "If it had been Glubb I should have been the murderer," he said

A SOLDIER WITH THE ARABS • 3

A boy king reigns amid turmoil

by SIR JOHN GLUBB

Abdulla was dead, his son deposed—now Hussein came to power. And Jordan became a land of riot and bloodshed

RAN down the garden path of the Prime Minister's house in Amman, the capital of Jordan. It was the afternoon of Friday, July 20, 1951. Two or three officers and some men of the Arab Legion, of which I was the commander, stood anxiously by the gate.

"What has happened?" they asked.

"I've just heard that King Abdulla has been assassinated," I said.

I jumped into my car and drove to my house in Amman. I rang up Brigade Headquarters of the Arab Legion in Zerqa, twenty miles away. "When the King entered the Great Mosque in Jerusalem for prayers at noon," I said, "a man stepped from behind the door and shot him in the head. There may be rioting and looting in Amman. Please send a battalion of infantry into the town immediately, and a second within two hours."

Then I had to provide for Jerusalem. In the course of the Arab-Israeli struggle over Palestine at the end of the British mandate, the Arab Legion had occupied the city. I spoke to Brigadier Sam Cooke, my Divisional Commander. "There may be looting or riots. You personally are responsible for law and order."

"Yes, sir," he replied. Cooke was always calm. He spoke just as if I had invited him round for a drink.

The telephone rang. It was the Prime Minister. "Where are the troops?" he cried. "They haven't come yet. The people will loot Amman."

"They'll be in before long, sir," I said.

Twenty minutes later the troops occupied the capital. The government proclaimed a curfew. There were no disturbances. In Jerusalem, a few shops were looted before troops arrived.

That night I slept little and fitfully. In the morning, Arab Legion Headquarters sent an officer and a double escort to accompany me on my drive to the office. When I looked into our bedroom to say goodbye, my wife was kneeling by her bed. I knew what she was praying for—the peaceful future of Jordan. . . .

King Abdulla had enjoyed a long experience of state affairs. There can be no doubt that his character was formed by his early upbringing among the ruling classes of the Ottoman Empire. It produced in him a wise and tolerant mind, more mature and mellow than those of the petty and fanatical modern politicians in the Middle East.

But it would be a mistake to canonize the memory of King Abdulla, and to think of him as a saint, or even as a faultless hero. He was very human. He was frequently irritable with those in daily contact with him, though he was never so to me. He was not without spite for his enemies, and he never modified his actions or his words to appease them. He often talked too much about his plans and his emotions, even before unreliable, if not unfriendly, people.

"A man whose enemy is his own tongue" was the description of him once given to me by the Amir Shakir, the King's cousin.

While sincerely religious, his religion was peculiarly limited. I remember one occasion when I was with him and a young man came in to pay his respects. He was the son of some retainer of the royal family, and had been appointed a schoolmaster in the rather remote little provincial town of Tafila.

"My lord, I am leaving for Tafila," said the young man. "Before starting, I came to ask your Majesty's orders."

"May God give you success," said the King. "The most important advice I give you is to remember your religion."

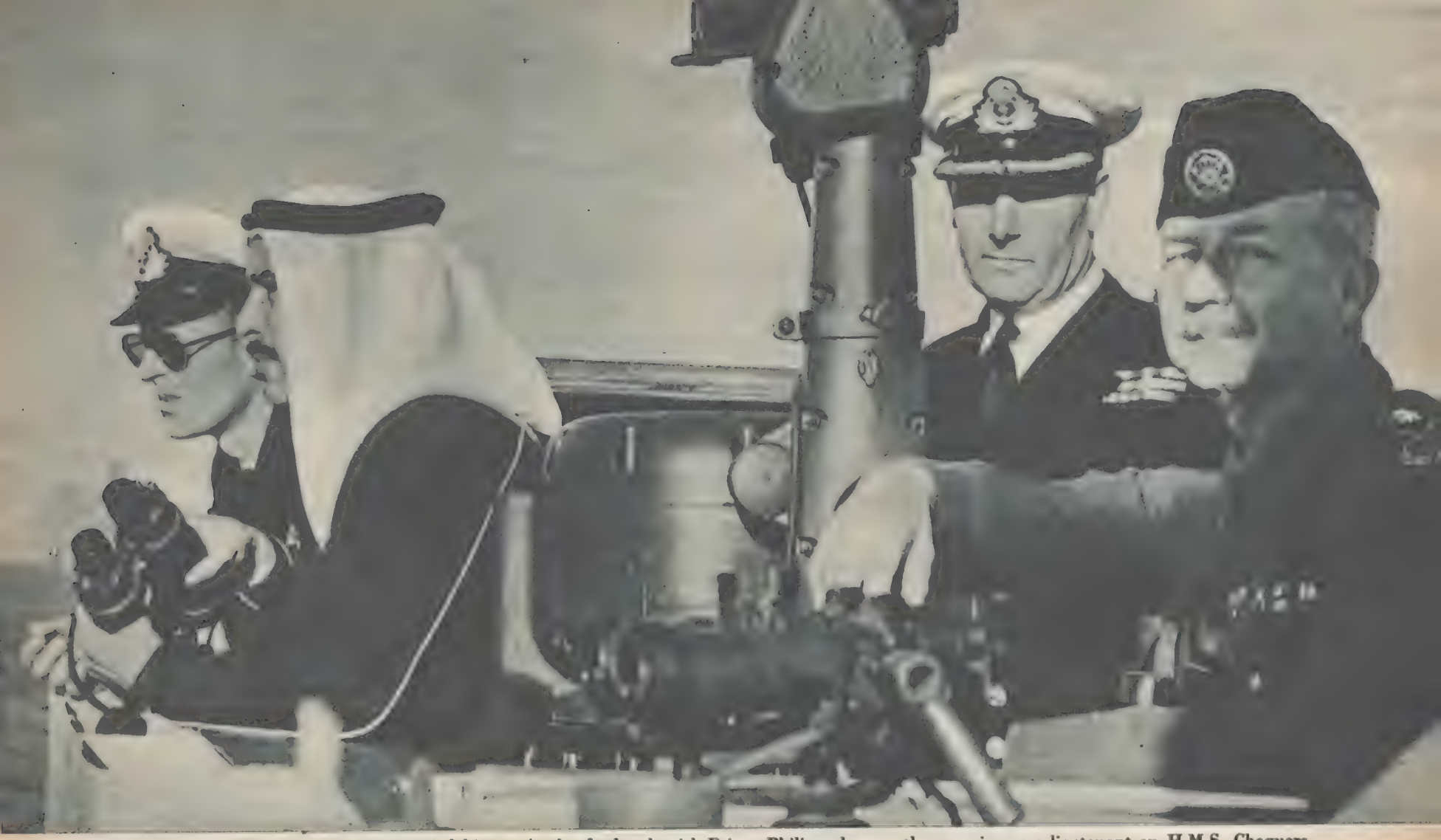
"Whatever you order," replied the young man humbly.

"Religion consists in repeating the prayers five times a day, and in fasting the month of Ramadhan," continued King Abdulla. "Always remember that and God will give you success."

The potential schoolmaster kissed the royal hand and backed out of the room. It made a curious impression on me that so great a man should give so limited and formal a definition of his religion. There was nothing about intrigue, dishonesty or laziness. Nothing, for that matter, about quality of life or character, let alone the difficulties of growing boys and how to influence them. Of course, the King was better in his own life than in his advice. . . .

THE King lay in state in the throne room of the palace in Amman. On the morning of the funeral, we filed in one by one and paid a last tribute to our beloved master. The funeral procession made a detour round the palace grounds to a grave dug on a ledge in the hills overlooking Amman. Two battalions of infantry lined the route presenting arms.

As I walked in front of the gun carriage, I could see the tears running down the cheeks of the soldiers who stood with their rifles at the present. At the graveside, Sameer Pasha, the Prime Minister, tried to make a speech, but his



Before Tellal became King, Glubb accompanied him to Aqaba for lunch with Prince Philip, who was then serving as a lieutenant on H.M.S. Chequers

words were cut by sobs. As the coffin was lowered, I broke down myself and cried.

There were many distinguished people at the funeral. As we walked away I heard one of them remark, "I could not have believed that a man could be so loved. . . ."

The murder of King Abdulla proved to have been instigated by the relatives of the former Mufti of Jerusalem, Haj Ameen. The accused were tried by a special court, and four were condemned to death. The actual murderer had been killed by the King's escort. The Attorney-General also charged Colonel Abdulla al Tell as having been an accessory before the fact.

In 1948, Abdulla al Tell had been a major in the Arab Legion. He commanded one of the three companies which moved into the Old City of Jerusalem. One day King Abdulla went to pray in Jerusalem, even though fighting was still in progress there. Jewish mortar bombs were falling around, but Abdulla al Tell gave His Majesty a lucid description of the situation. The King was attracted by the young man. He looked at his shoulder and saw a crown.

"I make you a lieutenant-colonel," said King Abdulla, in a sudden moment of emotion.

Abdulla al Tell was not the man to let His Majesty forget. A fortnight or so later, the King looked at me coyly one day and said: "Pasha! I made Abdulla al Tell a colonel."

"That is difficult, sir," I said. "He is not the senior major, he has no tactical experience and he has only been a major for two months."

"For my sake, you must do it this time," the King replied. "I gave him my word."

I could not help thinking that, nearly two thousand years ago, another king of a kingdom almost the same as Jordan today, had done much the same—"The king was exceeding sorry; yet for his oath's sake, and for their sakes which sat with him. . . ." The result was John the Baptist's head on a charger. Little did we know that King Abdulla himself was this time to be the victim.

Colonel Tell became Governor of Jerusalem. Then, when I refused his demand for promotion to brigadier, he went to Egypt at the end of January, 1950, to join in that country's violent propaganda campaign against Jordan.

One Egyptian newspaper claimed to have discovered secret documents proving that King Abdulla and I had sold the plans of the Arab armies to the Israelis.

Abdulla al Tell even demanded that the Arab League send a court of inquiry to Amman to investigate the treachery of the Jordan Government and of the Arab Legion.

He was still in Egypt, working with the Mufti, at the time of King Abdulla's death. He was condemned to death *in absentia*.

When the sentence was published Abdulla al Tell held a press conference in Cairo, at which he accused me of "framing" the charge against him. "If Glubb Pasha had been assassinated, I should have been the murderer," he said. "But King Abdulla—no!"

The last time I had seen Abdulla al Tell, he had assured me that I was his father, and that he could take no decision without my paternal advice. It is remarkable what duplicity these young men can show.

KING ABDULLA'S eldest son, the Amir Tellal, was heir to the throne. In his lifetime, King Abdulla had been on bad terms with his son. As a result, he seldom allowed the Amir to exercise any public function, and he had spent twenty years sitting in his house with nothing to do.

The politicians had seized upon this family quarrel and tried to make political capital out of it.

In Syria and Egypt, and to some extent in Palestine, Amir Tellal was depicted as an Arab patriot who had quarrelled with his father because the latter was a British tool. This was pure fiction. The Amir's politics were the same as the King's: their lack of sympathy was domestic.

A few weeks before King Abdulla was murdered, he said to me: "I have done my best. I have nothing of which my conscience accuses me. My only failure was that I failed in the upbringing of my son."

The Amir Tellal had, for many years, lived in a house only a hundred yards from my own. He had all the frankness and charm of his father. I had often called at his house and can remember lunching with him, when his son, little Amir Hussein, was allowed to come in to say "how d'you do." Amir Tellal was a devoted husband and father.

I shall never forget one of the rare public engagements which he was asked to undertake. It was in January, 1950.

Ever since the Jordan Government had asked Britain to occupy Aqaba in the winter of 1948-49, the British Navy had left a ship there. One day we heard that the next ship to take a turn at this duty would be the destroyer H.M.S. Chequers, on which the Duke of Edinburgh was serving as a lieutenant. The Amir Tellal was sent to call on the Duke on board the ship at Aqaba.

There were no Arab Legion units in Aqaba at the time, with the exception of administrative staff in the port. An infantry battalion and a band were sent there to provide a guard of honour. I flew to Aqaba to receive the Amir at the airport.

We lunched on board as guests of the Duke, and in the afternoon I accompanied the Amir on a cruise down the Gulf. The Amir formed a genuine attachment to the Duke, and they seemed to feel at home with one another.

After dinner at Aqaba in the evening, the Amir was entertained by the villagers and by the Arab Legion.

Outdoors, in the cool evening breeze, the villagers began to dance. In the *debka* the dancers, who were all men, first stood in a circle, joining hands. In the centre a man played a limpid tune on a reed pipe. Then the dancers sprang to life, going round and round, hopping, jumping, thumping, sometimes joining hands, sometimes clapping in time with the rhythm.

Visitors from as far afield as Greece, Turkey

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I went shopping in Red China

by LISBET HOLMES

Seeking silks and jewels for my London store, I took a slow train through the East's Iron Curtain—alone

THROUGH the loudspeakers in each carriage of the Chinese train came the throbbing beat of Russian music. Every time the train stopped at a station—and it seemed to stop every ten minutes—a booming voice replaced the music and exhorted the passengers to take their turn, not to spit, not to throw litter. Then a Russian march rent the air, as if to stir everybody to orderly action.

But the woman who sat opposite me at the restaurant car table went on impassively breast-feeding her baby. And on the platforms and in the train the milling Chinese, many carrying their children, their chickens, their saucepans and their other worldly possessions, seemed unimpressed by Communism's efforts to brighten the railways. Somehow the scene amused me. But I restrained myself. After all, I was on my own behind the Oriental Iron Curtain.

I went to China earlier this year for the Regent Street, London, departmental store where I work. It was something of a pioneer trip, for I understand that no British woman buyer has travelled and traded alone in China since long before the Communist era.

It took a long time to persuade the Peking authorities to let me make the trip. The idea arose at a Chinese Government arts and crafts exhibition in Kensington just over a year ago. After looking round, I told the chargé d'affaires: "If you really want us to buy your goods, you must let us into China to pick and choose. Do you think I'd get a visa?"

"You can always apply," he said.

I did. To Peking went a dossier of personal information about everything from my political affiliations to the shape of my nose. Three months passed without an official word, though I pestered the legation. Then a letter arrived: "You are welcome to the Chinese People's Republic." Not many days later, on February 5 this year, I bade my husband goodbye at London Airport and flew to Hongkong.

From there I took two slow trains to China. The first left Hongkong for the border at nine in the morning. The second reached Canton, 150 miles away, seven hours later. Customs formalities, complicated a little for me by a tube of toothpaste which the Chinese mistook for a drug, occupied an hour and a half.

At Canton Station a young Chinese woman introduced herself to me in English as Comrade Fu, and took charge of my luggage, my passport, my ticket and me. She worked for the Chinese Travel Bureau, a government organization which controls completely foreign travellers in the country. The visitor has no choice of accommodation: the bureau books it for him.

LIKE so many of her countrywomen, Comrade Fu used no cosmetics, wore a dull cotton padded tunic and trousers and was an excellent representative of the Communist Party. Under the Communist régime, Chinese women seem to have lost their traditional elegance and to have become utterly nondescript.

Comrade Fu took me by car to a huge eleven-storey hotel which the British built in the thirties and which now bears the nationalised name, For The Masses Hotel.

In bed that night I decided that small doses of travel guide Fu went a very long way. In spite of Arctic weather conditions, she had booked for me an unheated room overlooking the river: the hooting steamers just outside my window kept me awake all night long.

I had to rise at five thirty to be prepared to catch a plane at seven thirty for Peking, where I wanted to do all my trading. Fu arrived on

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Back in London, Mrs. Holmes tempts customers with the results of her pioneering buying spree in Peking

Greek Fire

by WINSTON GRAHAM

Death was written on this letter—death and a widow's vengeance. It could bring freedom to a hunted man . . . and ruin a power-mad politician

SUDDENLY, the drawing-room was very silent. Major Kolono, the police chief, crossed the room. "Peter Robert Vanbrugh," he said. "The police have been trying to trace you. They are anxious to ask you some questions. . . . Perhaps if I call tomorrow morning . . . ?"

Juan Tolosa, the Spanish dancer, was dead. Vanbrugh was in Athens to meet him. He had seen him appear—with his wife, Maria, and his brother, Philip—in a seedy night club called the Little Jockey. But before they could meet, Tolosa had been murdered. And now someone was trying to implicate Vanbrugh. . . .

Someone, perhaps, who was interested in the documents Juan Tolosa had to sell. Vanbrugh persuaded Maria to send to Spain for them. He promised they would lead to the discovery of Juan's murderer.

Meanwhile, Vanbrugh arranged to meet the lovely Anya Stonaris, friend of George Lascou, the financier and politician whose party, E.M.O., would play a vital part in the coming election. Vanbrugh was interested in Lascou . . . and in the girl.

And George Lascou was interested in Vanbrugh. "He's a trouble-maker," he said. Through Anya, Lascou invited Vanbrugh to a dinner party at his flat, and included the policeman among his guests.

Anya, alone with Lascou after the party, said: "I very much doubt if Peter Vanbrugh will be waiting for Kolono when he calls in the morning."

"Oh, we attended to that," Lascou said. "After dinner Kolono telephoned for a couple of his men. They would be waiting for Vanbrugh when he left."

PART TWO

Anya Takes A Trip

JUST after seven the next morning, Anya was wakened by the telephone at the side of her bed. The blinds were drawn and she stretched out sleepily for the receiver in the sun-shot darkness.

"Hallo?"

"Mademoiselle Stonaris?"

"Yes?"

"This is Peter Vanbrugh."

She fumbled the receiver into a better position. "Where are you speaking from?"

"A call box. I want to know if you've decided to come with me."

"Come with you?"

"Don't you remember? I told you last night. I'm going to Delphi today—to see the poet, Costopoulos."

"Of course I remember."

"Perhaps you didn't expect to hear from me again."

"No, I didn't expect it. Certainly not this early."

There was a moment's hesitation at both ends.

Vanbrugh said: "If you did come today, I'd have to ask a favour. For reasons you may be able to guess, I'd prefer not to come round to your flat. But I shall be outside the Rex Cinema near Omonia Square at eight."

After a moment she said: "I couldn't be ready by eight."

"Name your time." There was a new note in his voice.

She looked at her watch. "What about eight-thirty?"

"Eight-thirty it is. And thank you."

He was waiting for her at the cinema, standing beside an old Buick. She was wearing flat-heeled shoes and almost got to the door of

"Go, Peter, go," Anya said. "Leave Greece and never come back. Promise you will go—so that I shall never have the fear of meeting you again"

the car before he heard her. Then she was sorry she hadn't spoken earlier, when she saw the suddenly tensed muscles before he turned.

She got in and he took the driving seat beside her. She said: "What happened after you left George Lascou's flat last night?"

"I went home." He smiled grimly. "I have a new place now—a cellar."

"You were not stopped?"

"Did you suppose I would be?"

"From something that was said after you left —yes."

Vanbrugh said: "When I left George Lascou's place, I took the lift to the first floor and looked out of the passage window above the front door. There were two men standing there who looked as if they were waiting for somebody, so I thought I'd let them wait. It's always easy to get out of a big building."

She said after a moment: "And how did you know I wouldn't bring the police with me this morning?"

"Just a rash belief."

"Someone may even have followed me."

"Oh, I'm safe enough while I'm with you. George won't run the risk of having your name mixed up in a police matter, however trivial."

She stared out at the city as it slid past. She said: "Can you tell me a simple thing; why it is that a respectable publisher should come to Greece and stay at a third-rate hotel like the Como; and why, if he has nothing to hide, he should move on from one dingy apartment to another so fast that the police cannot catch up with him?"

"The same respectable publisher came to Athens a couple of years ago and stayed at the Grande Bretagne. From the second day he was a marked man. Obstacles were even put in the way of his meeting some of his old friends. So this time he thought he would be less conspicuous and try to keep out of the public eye."

They had left the town now. She slipped out of her short coat and leaned back in the seat. She had never looked so young to him as she did today in her yellow polo-necked jumper and wide-belted skirt. He thought he would enjoy the journey.

They reached Levadia soon after eleven and there swung off the main road on to the loose and uneven surface of a mountain road. A few clouds had blown up, but through them the snow-headed peaks watched them as they passed.

"That's Parnassus," Anya said.

Vanbrugh stared ahead. "Have you ever been to the summit?"

"No. August is the time."

"It doesn't look difficult. How high do you think it is?"

"Oh—three thousand metres perhaps. The snow's treacherous, of course."

"Next time we come, let's arrange to climb it."

"Are you very sure of yourself? Or very unsure? Deep down. I'd like to know."

"Physically I'm sure," he said. "Being wanted by a few tatty policemen doesn't worry me. But about you I was never more unsure in my life."

They began to climb the hairpin bends. Arakhova was reached, clinging uncertainly to the side of the gorge. Then the mountains drew right in upon the pass. They skirted the face of the precipice and began to fall gently into Delphi.

Vanbrugh found Michael Costopoulos's house just short of the village, and the poet, white moustache gleaming like a scar on his old brown face, limped down the steps to meet them.

They had lunch out of doors on the terrace behind the house, while eagles swooped and circled overhead. Afterwards Vanbrugh had a few minutes' business talk with Costopoulos and then they took their leave and walked up to explore the ruins. They climbed to the temple of Apollo; then on up to the theatre, and then higher still to the flower-grown stadium where the Pythic games had been held. They sat on one of the moss-grown stone benches and smoked and stared out again over the gulf.

Maria thrust Philip aside with both hands. Quickly he jumped forward and clutched her arm, trying to snatch the envelope

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

Vanbrugh said: "D'you know what I'd like to do now?"

"No?"

"Climb Parnassus."

Anya raised an eyebrow. "You're not serious?"

"Why not?"

"How do you suggest we should go—by air?"

"No, the normal way."

"Wonderful!"

"Well, it can't be more than five or six thousand feet from here," Vanbrugh said, "and I don't suppose there's snow below the top thousand."

"I've always wanted to climb a mountain in suède shoes."

"That's a difficulty, I admit. Well, it was an idea."

"You stay on and go up tomorrow."

He said: "I suppose it *is* too much to ask of you. When one lives all one's life in a city, in a constant round of cocktail parties and fashion shows. . . . Aside from anything else, it's a question of not having the stamina."

She said quietly: "I will climb as far as you —but when I please. Let us go back to Delphi."

They picked their way over the boulder-strewn path and began to descend. As they got

Continued on page 33

He can warm a hippo, light our homes or give a dragon fiery breath, this . . .

Salesman with power to burn

by PETER JACKSON

Bottled gas was the secret behind the Olympic flame at Wembley in 1948; when a film company "burned" Joan of Arc a gas-fired pyre was used

THE new vicar began to think that he was a failure. Congregations were dwindling at the little Sussex church on a hill. "Are my sermons too dull?" he asked a parishioner after one particularly poor attendance last January.

"Oh, no," was the reply. "You may not notice it, but for most people this church is far too cold."

When Jeffrey Henderson, Calor gas representative in south-east England, heard of the problem, he drove his shooting-brake along a steep, winding lane to reach the church. It was several miles from the nearest electricity or gas mains, and the vicar explained that the installation of solid fuel central heating would be too expensive.

"We can't afford to warm the whole building," he said, "in case my preaching proves no more attractive in a higher temperature."

Henderson was able to supply ten small space-heaters, each working from its own cylinder of gas containing enough fuel for a month of Sundays. The heaters were mounted on trolleys so that they could be wheeled about the church to suit the size and distribution of the congregation.

"The vicar was soon addressing crowded pews," says Henderson. "It was a dramatic change from the Sunday evening when we first gave the idea a try-out. Then, each member of the congregation had an individual heater—and three trolleys never left the vestry."

Henderson, a plump, forceful Londoner, looks out for such chances to sell "power with no strings attached." Bottled gas provides a self-contained, portable supply for locations ranging from the top of Snowdon to a South Downs mushroom cave, lighthouses to windmills, caravans to ships, and railway restaurant cars to a model kitchen on a float in the Lord Mayor's Show. About two million people living in the rural areas of Britain depend for their domestic heating, lighting and cooking upon gas brought to the doorstep.

When a collapsed bridge cut off the Isle of Sheppey from the mainland, Henderson arranged for emergency supplies of gas to be taken in by Royal Naval motor torpedo boats.

A Calor cylinder contains gas which has been liquefied under pressure. The principal ingredient is butane, a petroleum by-product, which boils at the freezing point of water. Atmospheric heat passing through the steel wall of the cylinder is sufficient to cause the evaporation which reconverts the liquid to gas, for use with an appliance.

Explorers taking bottled gas on an Arctic expedition were specially supplied with liquefied propane, which will evaporate at forty degrees below zero. When the temperature fell beyond this point, they sat on the cylinders. The warmth from their bodies, penetrating their furs and an eighth of an inch of steel, was enough to boil the liquid and so provide the gas which cooked their soup.

HENDERSON, who handles unusual inquiries received by dealers in his area, once rode an ice-cream tricycle through South London in a snow shower. He had helped to convert the box on the front of the tricycle into an oven so that the owner could switch to selling hot-dogs in cold weather. The owner asked Henderson to make a test. "The hot-dogs cooked perfectly. But I had to remind the owner to change his sales sign. My only customer in three miles was a little girl wanting a choc-ice."

Henderson has also carried out trials on horseback. A Sussex squire intended to run his farm cowboy-style and ride out to brand the cattle in the fields. Henderson supplied a branding iron which operated from a bottle of gas slung across the saddle. Even less romantic was the Church Lads' Brigade inquiry for a picnic set—which could be disguised as a camp fire.

Henderson was approached when the operator of a 150-foot derrick in a Thames-side dockyard

threatened to leave his job because his feet were always cold. After modifying a greenhouse heater, Henderson clambered up to the cab and placed it between the workman's feet. The man soon removed two extra pairs of socks and withdrew his notice.

Henderson once operated on a "dragon." It was a fifteen-foot-long canvas creature, built for a midnight carnival procession at a village near Tunbridge Wells. "We want the dragon to belch real fire," explained the organizer, "and to be escorted by medieval knights carrying torches which will not go out if it's windy."

The procession duly took place, the dragon spitting long flames, and the torches burning brightly in a semi-gale.

"In the dark," says Henderson, "the spectators never noticed the rubber piping which linked the knights' flares to a cylinder I had installed in the dragon's stomach after cutting a trapdoor through its ribs. Also connected was a regulator which turned an ordinary boiling ring into a set of fiery tonsils. I had used the same trick a few weeks before to provide a rocket's tail in a space travel exhibition."

Bottled gas has had several spectacular applications. It provided the Olympic flame at Wembley in 1948, and burned from the three-foot-tall "candles" which provided Coronation decorations at a Park Lane hotel. A canister of butane was hidden under the faggots when Joan of Arc was burned at a film studio stake, and another cylinder, with a modified burner, helped to supply the vapour which floated before the camera during a television dream sequence.

"The same gas once provided me with something of a real-life nightmare," says Henderson. A few years ago he found himself pushing a sledge-borne coffin through a fierce blizzard which had brought down the electric power lines

Caravan dwellers are among Jeffrey Henderson's keenest customers. They use butane gas for heating, lighting, cooking and ironing

Food cooked in a portable kitchen during the 1956 Lord Mayor's show included pancakes, pork and roast pheasant

to an isolated farm. A litter of pigs was expected, and the farmer had sent an emergency call for a piglet warmer. Henderson and the local dealer set off through the snow to deliver and install the warmer, which saved a litter of fourteen.

"As if the equipment and cylinders were not enough to push," says Henderson, "the dealer was also an undertaker and insisted on delivering a coffin on the way."

DURING the same cold spell, a zoo proprietor used a piglet warmer to keep a hippopotamus at tropical temperature, and a gardener converted his butane-operated weed-killer into a flame-thrower which he used to clear his front path of snow.

"That's not the sort of thing we can approve officially," says Henderson, who works to the guidance of his company's research and testing centre at Addlestone, Surrey. "But most bottled gas appliances are so simple that they can be adapted for uses we never suspect."

The use of bottled gas pressure was suggested to work bellows in the cellar of a busy country pub and so speed up the flow of beer to the bar. "We ruled it out," says Henderson, "because of the danger of leakages. Bottled gas is heavier than air and would gather in a cellar instead of dispersing."

When a yacht owner discovered by the smell that a large quantity of escaped butane had accumulated in the hull of the boat, he decided that there was no alternative to bailing out. The gas is invisible, and his neighbours were puzzled to watch him apparently running an empty bucket along a dry boat and throwing nothing over the side.

Henderson once tried to reassure a trainee fitter who was nervously insistent that there was a leak in the caravan they were visiting. He explained that butane is not toxic and cannot cause suffocation: although it has no natural smell, a smelling agent is added to give warning of any escape. "I can't smell a thing in here," he said.

Because the trainee was still worried, Henderson let him go outside while he stayed and confidently struck a match. An instant later, he rejoined the fitter as an explosion hurled him out through the doorway. "It was a reminder always to respect the power of bottled gas."

Henderson entered the butane industry after the war when it was only about ten years old in this country. The idea of bottled gas arrived via the Continent from America, where a large central container often supplied a whole community.

When a collapsed retort disrupted mains gas services throughout St. Ives, Huntingdonshire, several years ago, Henderson's company, the largest of several firms distributing bottled gas in Britain, came to the rescue. Thousands of cylinders were rushed to the town from filling depots all over the country, and the bottled gas was fed into the mains system for more than a week until the retort had been repaired.

Butane has been used since in many places to help out a town's gas supply during peak-load periods and maintenance work. Larger canisters and spheres have been developed for use in such static installations. A Cambridgeshire hamlet draws all its domestic fuel from one cylinder, six feet long and two feet wide, which needs topping up only once a week. The liquid inside produces enough gas to fill a conventional gas-holder fourteen feet in diameter and over thirty feet high.

Henderson admits that, while the new uses being found for butane steadily increase the number of consumers, television is proving a big obstacle. The lure of television has caused many country people to press for electrification schemes in neighbourhoods which had never felt the need for electricity before.

But Henderson and his colleagues are fighting back. They find that most rural housewives stick to gas cooking after electricity has arrived in the home.

Although not developed as a serious commercial proposition, the industry has produced gas-operated wireless sets — and American engineers have built an experimental TV set which works from butane.

Henderson once explained to a housewife customer that all these sets incorporate a thermo-pile—an elaborate cluster of dissimilar metals, such as antimony and bismuth—which sets up a small electric current when heated by a gas flame. With the use of a special transformer, a far higher voltage can be obtained and the set works like a conventional receiver.

"The woman was rather disappointed that gas TV was so complicated," says Henderson. "She was expecting to turn on a tap, apply a match to the bottom of the screen, and wait for the picture to light up." THE END

A LIFE TO SHARE

by ***STUART CLOETE***

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

People were always laughing at him—poor old Simple Simon, the local character. And yet . . . he alone knew the secrets of the sea

GROOT MOND, fifteen years ago, had been a cluster of fishermen's cottages. Now it was a thriving resort with three hotels, four boarding-houses, and an increasing number of villas and summer homes.

Groot Mond had everything, including a village idiot. Simon van Breda, or "Simple Simon," as everybody called him, was a local character. Sometimes he acted as ghillie to the rich people who came from Cape Town for the fishing; sometimes nobody saw him for weeks, when he just stayed on the farm where he lived with his mother by the sea three miles away.

Simon was a big boy, a man almost; but, because he was simple, people still thought of him as a boy. He had a boy's innocence, a boy's wide-eyed stare.

But if the people of the town were amused by Simon, they in their turn amused him. They were so serious. They worked so hard at their games—their tennis, their golf and their fishing. He knew they thought him simple, and he had a vague idea how upset they would be if they knew he thought the same of them: not simple, perhaps, but strange and imperceptive. They didn't seem to know anything about the world he lived in. What would they have said, for example, if he had told them that, if you sat down by a goose, you could see the sky through its nostrils—that they were exactly opposite each other?

Simon knew a lot about birds and animals, and a great deal about fish. He was a fine fisherman and made big catches with his old bamboo rod and linen line when others with the latest equipment never got a bite. He was almost part fish in the water, like a seal.

He spent a lot of time fishing from the Pulpit Rock, and he did something else there too that people thought very odd. All summer long he would pick up the driftwood that the winter storms cast up, and throw it back into the boiling seas that broke around the rock. He always threw it from the same place, and it was funny to watch him, on a hot day, struggle up to the top of the rock with great balks of timber—broken bulkheads, logs, trees, even; to watch him throw them in, and then smile as though he'd accomplished something. . . .

Simon met Vi Mitchett first one day while he was fishing from the Pulpit Rock. She was standing beside him.

"Hallo," he said.

She said: "I'm Vi Mitchett."

He said: "You are, are you?" though he knew her perfectly well. Her father was Sandy Mitchett, the chemist. But he nodded, interestedly, and they got to talking. Vi was snub-nosed, big-mouthed, with long fair hair and big eyes.

Something pulled at his line. He said: "Like to help me get this fish in?"

She nodded, her eyes shining with excitement, and from then on they were friends.

Simon was happy. He had someone to talk to now besides his mother and the animals among which he lived. He taught Vi to swim and to fish. He taught her about the flowers and the wild animals, about birds and snakes. He taught her to fish with a rod that he made for her himself. When she caught her first fish, he said: "Now take that home to your dad and ask him to give you a nice light glass rod, a reel and some nylon line."

She said: "I couldn't do that, Simon. Not ask."

"No," he said. "Don't ask. Just say: 'Suppose I had a proper rod and line, Dad, do you think I'd catch more fish?' "

"And he'll say yes?"

"He'll say yes," said Simon.

He did. And Simon was more wonderful than ever to Vi.

Then there was Belle. One day Simon saw Vi coming towards him on the cliff carrying something in her arms. It was a ball of white-and-yellow fluff; a puppy.

"A present," Vi said.

"For me?"

"Yes, for you. You see, my mother found it. It was lost and she said we couldn't keep it because it's a girl and doesn't know outside from in."

"Is that bad?"

"It's very bad," she said. "It's the carpets. You'll take her, won't you? Then we can play with her together. . . ."

BELLE was with Simon on the day of the disaster. As he walked up to the Pulpit Rock with the puppy at his heels, he saw that Vi was already there, fishing. She was into a fish—a good one too, from the play of her rod, but she was too low. She was standing on a ledge he had told her to keep away from.

He knew what must have happened. When Vi hooked the fish, she had dropped down there to play him better. But the ledge wasn't safe. Simon walked faster towards her over the grass.

Then what he'd been afraid of happened. Vi's eyes were on the boiling water below her when a great wave rose out of the sea, one of those waves that come up for no reason in the South Atlantic. It was a giant, a mountainous wave, whose roll since it was born in the roaring forties had been unimpeded. It was a wave malignant in its fury against the earth.

It reared up like a great horse. The water was no longer blue, but black as ink against the sky. It was like a great black horse with a white mane of spray. For an instant that seemed an hour it stood poised like a horse pawing the air. Then it fell, and the girl was gone.

Simon was running now. So were others who had seen the accident. One man got there before him. "I'll get a rope," he said. Another man joined him shouting: "The boats!" But the boats from the old harbour were all out fishing.

The men kept talking about the boats. They were fools. Simon peeled off his shirt, kicked off his shoes, loosened his belt and stepped out of his trousers. He patted Belle and said: "Wait," as she crouched on his clothes.

One of the men said: "You're mad. You can't go into that."

"She's in it, isn't she?" Simon said, and dived. He had seen Vi. She was fighting the swirling waters. In a moment he was up to her. "Get away from the rocks!" he shouted. "Make for the open!"

She turned towards the sea and he swam beside her. She was a good swimmer, but the water here was a maelstrom. The waves

They were near the shore now. . . . And then the boy came staggering up through the sea. In his arms he held Vi

pounded the rocks and swirled back and forth in untiring attacks.

"Turn on your back," Simon said.

She turned. He grasped her hair in his teeth, turned on his back too, and dragged her out to sea, beyond the breaking waves.

A crowd was gathering now. One of them said: "He's mad. Mad as a March hare."

"He's not mad," Colonel Galpin said. He was an old man, his face red with port. "What the devil did you want him to do—swim around like a fish in a bowl and get smashed up on the rocks?"

"They could have climbed out."

"Where?" the colonel said. "Show me where." There was nowhere. The rocks rose sheer out of the sea. They were sharp with limpets and mussels.

"By jove, they can swim," the colonel said.

They were swimming side by side now in the open sea. Every now and again, as a wave lifted them, they could be seen bobbing like two corks. Then they disappeared again.

"He taught her," somebody said.

The colonel turned. "Mitchett," he said, "you here already?"

"I'm here," Vi's father said.

"The boy's a lunatic," somebody said. "Where does he think he's going? There's no land over there."

"They couldn't land here," the colonel said. Somebody handed him field-glasses. "They're on their backs, floating now."

"Resting," Mitchett said. "He's kept his head."

"He's got no head. He's a half-wit. I've always said so."

The colonel turned, his blue eyes blazing, his white moustache bristling with rage. He looked like an angry walrus. "A half-wit. Yes," he said, "a half-wit who'll get the humane medal if I have anything to do with it."

Suddenly a new voice said: "I know what he's doing. He's taking her home. There's a current out there."

"How do you know?"

"I know," the man said. "I'm surveying the new harbour and I've studied that current. It will carry them on to the beach by his house. That's why he throws over all that wood."

"That wood?" somebody said. "So there was sense in it after all."

"Sense?" the surveyor said. "You ought to see the woodpile he has at home."

"You mean it all gets washed up there?"

"Yes, in time it does."

"You've been there?"

"Of course I've been there. I've been telling you. If they can stick it, they'll come ashore in his cove."

SIMON could feel Vi tiring. He said: "It's not far now." Actually it was quite a way, but he didn't want her to know.

"Far?" she managed to gasp. "Far?"

"To the current." He was still quite fresh. "The current that'll take us to our beach."

He saw she didn't understand and once again he turned on his back and swam with her hair in his mouth, towing her along.

Everybody in town was on the cliffs now, with field-glasses, with telescopes, with nothing at all. They were all deeply moved, excited by the possibility of death. Every time somebody went near Simon's clothes the dog growled.

The surveyor turned to Mr. Mitchett and said: "My name's Miller."

"Mitchett," Vi's father said, and put out his hand. How odd that one still did this sort of thing, he thought, when one's daughter was drowning.

Miller said: "Come with me. It's no good staying here. Let's go to his farm."

"I'm coming, too," the colonel said.

"Yes, do," Mitchett said. He liked the look of the old boy.

They left the crowd. People were still staring, and did not see them go. They were saying: "I can see them. No, I can't. Can you see them now . . . ?"

It was two hours before Miller and the two men with him reached the farm. They went part of the way in Miller's car, and then they had to walk for the best part of five miles over a cart-track. The farm was in a sort of cup in the hills, with the sea in front.

At last they saw the little whitewashed farm-house. The cart-track had brought them on to some rough grazing which ended in a thick wood of dark *melkbos* trees whose branches formed a canopy over the track, and then out on to grass grazed smooth by a small flock of sheep. Beyond the green, short grass was the sandy beach of the cove and, beyond that again, the blue of the sea.

And in the sea were the two they had come to find. They saw them swimming. They were near the shore now. They were through the breakers.

They saw the boy bend down and come staggering up through the sea with the girl sagging like a half-filled sack in his arms. Her head drooped over his left forearm.

Her long fair hair dragged in the water.

"He's done it! By Jove, he's done it!" the colonel shouted, waving his stick and charging towards them on his short fat legs. The other two followed.

Simon walked past them as if he did not see them. His eyes were blank with spent effort, like those of a foundering horse that has been galloped to its death. His chest was rising and falling as he gasped for air. He put the girl down, propping her against his knees, vomited up salt water, and picked her up again.

At the house he pushed open the lower half of the Dutch door with his foot and staggered in.

"She's safe," he said, "safe," and dropped the girl on his mother's bed. "Brandy," he said, "and coffee." He fell into a chair at her side.

His mother pulled the covers over the girl and threw Simon a blanket. She poured coffee from the pot on the stove, held the girl up in her arms and put the cup between her lips. Vi drank a sip, seemed to revive and drank more. She saw the group at the door; her father . . . and strangers.

She tried to smile and said: "He saved me. He brought me back."

Her father went to the bed and took her in his arms. The colonel went up to the boy. "Good show," he said. "*Very* good show. . . ."

They were all sitting down now near Vi's bed. Simon was dressed again, and his mother was just saying to the girl's father: "She'd better stay here tonight. Tomorrow you can fetch her. I'll drive her to the road in the buggy and you can meet us there with a car."

She was a small, quiet woman, dried up, burned up by sun and wind and work, but infinitely composed, solid as a rock.

Simon got to his feet and looked around as if he'd lost something.

"Belle," he said. "I must go back for her. She'll stay with my coat till I fetch her." He turned to Miller. "Will you drive me?" He was changed now. The shyness had fallen from him.

"I'll take you," Miller said. Nobody thought of arguing with Simon. Nobody said it would be too much for him.

Mr. Mitchett said: "And you'll stay the night with us—you and Belle."

Vi gave a weak smile and said: "She's clean now. She knows inside from out." Simon laughed, but nobody else saw the joke. THE END

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IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

This is Polly, who deals with a salmon poacher by stealing his clothes . . .
Illustrated by Zelinski

Members of Torquay United Supporters' Club sell programmes and act as stewards at home games. Their efforts save the football club about £40 a week in ground-staff wages

Fans pitch in to save soccer

by PETER GRAYLING

They crowd the terraces every week—and they raise money as well as cheers to keep Britain's football alive and kicking

ON a dull evening last May, three thousand football supporters, complete with rattles and rosettes, gathered around an empty football pitch to cheer a team playing several hundred miles away. Fifteen hundred other supporters of Torquay United had travelled to Crystal Palace, where the United had to win its last match of the season to make sure of promotion to the Second Division for the first time in its history.

The three thousand who could not get time off from their work to make the journey instinctively gathered at the Plainmoor ground, where a telephone link with Crystal Palace enabled the score to be relayed over loudspeakers every quarter of an hour.

Twenty minutes from the end of the match the loudspeakers announced that Ipswich, Torquay's closest challenger, had won its last game, which had been played earlier that evening. Five minutes later came the news that Torquay was only drawing 1—1 with Crystal Palace. The crowd shuffled impatiently for another quarter of an hour before learning that 1—1 was the final result, and that their team had missed promotion by only a fraction of a goal in the table.

At Crystal Palace, a Torquay director was sobbing openly. At Plainmoor, Cyril Langler, steward of the supporters' social club inside the ground, let a pint of beer crash to the floor.

As the crowd quietly dispersed, Colin Crocker, the small, lean-faced chairman of the Torquay United Supporters' Club, looked round at the grandstands, terraces, floodlights, fences, and canteens which his members had paid for since the war. "We've provided a stadium fit for Second Division football," he said. "We'll have to buy a John Charles to make sure we get it."

Torquay United supporters had given the football club more than £30,000 up to the end of last season, most of which has been spent on ground improvements. Since that evening when one goal cheated them of higher class football, they have already raised a further £4,000 towards the time when the club can enter the big money transfer market.

Crocker and the faithful 4,500 at Torquay form one of the four hundred organized supporters' clubs which hand more than £1 million a year to professional and amateur football. They belong to the National Federation of Football Supporters' Clubs, which has a membership of more than half a million observing a policy of "to help, not to hinder."

From the Federation's London offices, Leslie Davis, the national secretary, looks after the football fan's interests down to the smallest detail. He arranges insurance policies which cover the supporter against being knocked down on the way to the ground or being trampled underfoot when he is inside. Davis organizes soccer brains' trusts for supporters' clubs all over the country and books hotel accommodation for followers of teams visiting London. He once obtained seats at a Saturday theatre matinée for supporters of a struggling northern club who did not want to miss their team's trip to London but could not bear to watch them lose another match.

"Football supporters deserve some consideration," says Davis. "Without their financial support, soccer could not continue on its present scale."

Members of the Federation make donations ranging from a £20,000 stand for a successful League club to £25 for a lawn mower for a village team which plays on the recreation ground. Keen followers of Lye Town, a Worcestershire club, collected waste paper to pay off the team's debts and had enough money left over to buy a stand for the ground. York City supporters, who sang their theme song, "The Happy Wanderers," all round the country in following their team's F.A. Cup triumphs of 1955, recently built their own £4,000 cafeteria and administrative block.

Torquay United lose £5,000 a year even with a successful team and have an overdraft of £14,000 to pay off. Club chairman Arthur Milner, a Midlands industrialist who spends his weekends in Devon, readily acknowledges that League football would disappear without the supporters' contributions, usually made "with no strings attached."

But the Torquay supporters threatened to withhold their cheques seven years ago. Throughout the summer of 1948 they had wielded picks and sledgehammers in building up and terracing the full length of the popular side of the ground. After three seasons of standing on their own terraces in the wind and rain, they became disgruntled that the football club could not spend some of the money it received from the supporters on providing covered accommodation. Learning of this attitude, the directors promptly authorized the building of a £3,000 cover, and the hand-over of cheques was resumed.

Eighteen months ago, Leslie Williams, a local

Continued on page 31

Colin Crocker, chairman of the Torquay United supporters, watches his wife serve tea at the ground. Football supporters' clubs raise more than £1 million a year for soccer

The Nazis plan a revolt in Ireland

by CHARLES WIGHTON
and GUNTER PEIS

Ribbentrop plotted a master move to strike at Britain's back door. But a message shattered his dream—and hinted at murder

CAPTAIN GUSTAV SIMON was different from most of the German spies sent to Britain. He was a German, born in Hamburg. His chief, General Erwin von Lahousen, head of the sabotage division of the Abwehr, or German secret service, firmly believed that on the whole Germans do not make the best spies.

Lahousen noted in his confidential diary, in which he recorded the amazing adventures of his agents, that the imagination, flexibility and flair for quick improvisation which are so essential for a top-rank spy are seldom German virtues. He preferred to use foreign-born spies.

The weather-beaten Captain Simon was permitted to be an exception to Lahousen's rule because he had spent years in command of ships in the Far East. He spoke excellent English with a drawl which made him appear to be a typical British colonial.

His first visit to Britain took place in 1938, when he located and mapped new R.A.F. airfields and shadow factories. So successful was this two-month mission of the hardy sea captain that he was sent back to Britain on a longer trip later the same year.

He made an extensive tour of East Anglia and reported on many new airfields in the area and the planes which could be seen on the runways.

Simon had by this time become something of an expert on British airfields, and a few weeks before Christmas, 1938, he was ordered on a third trip to Britain. Once again he crossed via Harwich, and the passport officers began to show some curiosity about the purpose of his frequent travels. Nevertheless, he had a ready answer. He said that he was writing a book and had come to see a firm of publishers.

Simon lodged in a Salvation Army sailors' home in Whitechapel. He had instructions to try to recruit agents in England because the Germans were tolerably certain that war was coming, so he went to a house in Paddington which was frequented by Welsh Nationalists.

There he discovered two likely recruits. They were anxious to earn some extra money. Simon sent each of them off with £20 in his pocket to report to an Abwehr agent in Rotterdam. Both men were taken on the Abwehr payroll and joined the small group of Welsh Nationalists which aided Germany during the war.

Early in 1939 Simon returned to his work of reporting on R.A.F. airfields. This time he concentrated on those between London and the Kent coast. As he went about he continued to keep his eyes open for further recruits. In a pub near Tunbridge Wells he got into conversation with a man who, after some drinks, became strongly critical of British policy and showed a definitely Fascist line in his political thinking. Simon met him again and suggested that the man could earn good money—if he cared to see a friend of Simon's in Rotterdam.

Whether the man was a genuine Fascist-minded Briton, or whether he was working for M.I.5 and had been on the track of Simon for some time, will always remain a mystery. However, the day following his second talk with the man Simon returned to the inn at Tonbridge where he was staying and found a policeman waiting for him. He had omitted quite accidentally to register himself as an alien.

When he appeared before the local magistrate, Simon confidently expected that he would merely be fined a few pounds. But during the case a military-looking man in civilian clothes arrived and took part in the proceedings. Simon was found guilty—and sentenced to six months in prison. He was taken to Wandsworth Prison, where, two days later, he received a visit from the same military-looking man he had seen in court, and whom he later learned was a Colonel Cook of M.I.5.

The colonel had brought with him various items found in Simon's luggage, including ordnance maps with airfields marked in red and Simon's notebook, written in code.

"What's the meaning of these maps?" asked the colonel. "And what have you written in the notebook?"

Simon told his cover-story of writing a book, but the colonel was clearly unconvinced. Thereafter, almost once a week during the remainder of his stay in Wandsworth, Simon was interrogated, but without giving anything away. In mid-August, 1939, on the day before he was due to be discharged, Simon received a final visit from the colonel.

"You are going to be deported," said the colonel. "You will be taken to Grimsby tomorrow under escort and placed aboard a ship

Gustav Simon spied on British airfields before the war, and was deported. In 1940 he landed in Ireland from a U-boat

Yachtsman Christian Nissen was made a life member of the Royal Ocean Racing Club in 1938. During the war the Nazis recruited him to sail agents to Ireland

One of the last photographs of Lahousen was taken at a party. Peis, blindfold, was asked to draw a pig in Lahousen's visitors' book

that will take you to Hamburg." The colonel added: "You are a very clever man, and a very lucky one. You have just escaped, for you know that war is coming in a matter of weeks. Don't come back when we are at war. It will cost you your neck."

Next day Simon was given his own clothes—and, to his absolute astonishment, his notebook. He reached Hamburg with information that provided many targets for the Luftwaffe. . . .

In view of the colonel's warning, it was with some trepidation that early in 1940 Simon obeyed an order to report to Abwehr headquarters in Hamburg for a new mission.

"I can't go to England again," he told the major who interviewed him.

"Don't worry," said the major. "This time your work against the British can be done in Ireland. Berlin wants you to find out all you can about the large British convoys which are always being seen off the north-west coast."

So in the late spring of 1940 Simon was landed from a U-boat at Dingle Bay, near the south-west corner of Ireland. After burying his radio set he set out towards the small town of Dingle, where he caught a morning train to Tralee. But when he stepped out on to the platform at Tralee he was accosted by two men.

"And where are you going?" they asked.

Simon tried out his cover story that he was a retired Australian seaman "looking for peace away from this war," but it failed to impress the Irishmen, both of whom were security officers. Politely but firmly they bundled him into a train for Dublin where he was charged with making an illegal entry into the Irish Free State.

Despite the smiling incredulity of his captors, Simon stuck to his story throughout the first day of his trial, but on entering the dock on the second day he noticed in a corner of the courtroom the radio set that he had so carefully buried on the hills near Dingle. The game was up and he at once informed the Irish prosecutor that he was a German. He had, of course, committed no offence beyond that of illegal entry.

He was removed to an internment camp near Athlone. There, during a conversation with a friendly Irish intelligence officer, Simon had his biggest shock.

"Why were you people so sure that I was not an Australian as I claimed to be?" asked Simon.

"Oh, we knew all about you," said the Irishman. "We've got your picture."

Producing a file, the officer showed Simon a photograph which had been taken by a concealed camera in his cell at Wandsworth. It had been sent to Ireland by Colonel Cook.

Anxious to avoid further clashes with the redoubtable colonel, Simon was content to remain interned until the end of the war. . . .

Ireland, where anti-British feelings were strong, provided a constant source of speculation for Lahousen. Ever since the first World War it had been an axiom of the Abwehr that the key to all sabotage and espionage operations in Britain was to be found there.

When Lahousen took command of the sabotage division of the Abwehr in the late spring of 1939, he discovered that there had long been an association between the Abwehr and the Irish Republican Army.

To strengthen that link an Abwehr agent known to Lahousen as O'Donovan had been recruited from I.R.A. members on the eastern seaboard of the United States. Equipped with a radio transmitter, he had been sent to Dublin.

As soon as Britain and Germany were at war, however, the Irish authorities tightened up their security regulations. For some weeks Berlin tried to make contact with O'Donovan without success. It was not until October 29 that Lahousen heard from him. O'Donovan passed on the kind of demand from the I.R.A. of which Lahousen was to become thoroughly weary: "Arms. Arms. Send us arms and explosives."

Lahousen added in his diary that his chief agent in Ireland gave no indication of how and where the arms were to be sent.

A few weeks later an envoy from O'Donovan suddenly appeared in Germany, having travelled via London and Brussels. He brought a sorry tale. The wireless transmitter which O'Donovan had taken to Ireland with him had been confiscated. This had happened because some of the madder members of the I.R.A. had started regular propaganda transmissions. These had been widely heard not only around Dublin, but also in North Wales and around Liverpool.

De Valera's security officers were willing to turn a blind eye to a good deal, but open pro-German I.R.A. broadcasts from a secret radio station on Free State soil were too much. Irish radio experts soon traced the transmitter, which the I.R.A. had made little effort to conceal.

The envoy had worse news. The Irish police had seized, in addition, the code used for communication with Berlin. They were now monitoring all Lahousen's instructions to the I.R.A.

"I have some requests from the I.R.A.," the envoy concluded. "It wants a new transmitter, a new code—and more weapons."

ADMIRAL WILHELM CANARIS, the head of the Abwehr, and Lahousen were appalled by the I.R.A.'s inefficiency in letting the transmitter and code be seized, and also by the haphazard sabotage of plants in Britain without orders from Berlin. Feeling that there was no limit to what a handful of reckless Irishmen might attempt in the name of the Abwehr, they decided to send sharp orders to Ireland.

Lahousen dispatched an agent known by the code name "Held" to Ireland with a considerable amount of money in gold for the I.R.A.

"Demand, in return for this gold," he told Held, "an undertaking from the leaders of the I.R.A. that their supporters will stop playing the fool. They must concentrate on important operations."

Held left Wilhelmshaven in the U-37 at the end of January, 1940, and on February 14 Lahousen noted that a signal had been received from the U-boat commandant saying that the agent had been put ashore off the west coast of Ireland.

A month later Lahousen learned from an official dispatch sent him by Dr. Eduard Hempel, the German Minister in Dublin, that the money—and the orders—had been passed to the I.R.A.

It was not long, though, before Lahousen got a further signal from Hempel reporting that Held had been arrested because his passport was not in order, and that he had been interned.

Meanwhile, preparations were pushed forward to send Captain Hermann Goerz, one of the Abwehr's most trusted English-speaking agents, to Ireland. His mission was to act as chief German liaison officer in charge of I.R.A. operations in Britain. On May 6 Lahousen received a telephone call that Goerz had been dropped in the northern part of the Free State.

Goerz, originally a fighter pilot in the first World War, was a thin, greying man of nearly fifty when he set out on his adventurous mission. He had long been a German spy and had spied in Britain in the early thirties.

On one expedition he was spotted by R.A.F. security officers. He was arrested and sent to prison, where by chance he became friendly with a number of I.R.A. terrorists who had been sentenced for bomb outrages.

As a result he was a natural choice for a wartime mission to Ireland.

After being dropped from a plane, Goerz buried

As Goerz sat talking to the Irish girl two policemen came into the room. One of them demanded the spy's papers

ILLUSTRATION BY LAURENT

his parachute and handed a radio transmitter and a large sum of money to an Irishman, an I.R.A. contact whose name and address he had been given.

"Through the awkwardness and stupidity of this Irishman," wrote Lahousen, "everything was seized by the Irish police. Unluckily the Irishman had put with Goerz's things a plan for an I.R.A. rising against the de Valera government with which we Germans had no connection. This, naturally, has made things worse for Goerz, and further activity by him, even assuming he is not rapidly captured, seems most improbable."

Goerz remained free. After moving among members of the I.R.A. and reporting to Lahousen via Hempel that "the I.R.A. is useless and my mission is fruitless," he asked for permission to leave Ireland. This was granted him.

Elaborate plans were made for Goerz to sail in a fishing boat with two Irishmen. Shortly afterwards Hempel cabled Lahousen to say that the Irishmen had been arrested when the boat was on the point of leaving. Once more Goerz had just managed to escape.

By June, 1941, Goerz's activities had become a scandal in the Free State. Pressure was put on the de Valera government to do something about the German spy who was roaming about uncaptured.

Goerz himself had seen quite enough of Ireland. After making another unsuccessful attempt to flee by boat he became frantic and asked for a flying-boat to be sent for him. This idea fell through, and late in September, 1941, he tried to escape by motor-boat—and again was forced to return.

During his fifteen months in the Free State, Goerz had become friendly with an Irish girl who lived in the Dublin suburb of Clontarf. The friendship was his undoing. On November 27, 1941, he was chatting with the girl at her home when the police suddenly arrived and demanded his papers. Goerz at once admitted that he was a German officer.

GOERZ was interned in December, 1941, and remained in custody in the Free State until he was released on parole in September, 1946. But his tragic story was not finished. On April 12, 1947, he was arrested by the Irish police for deportation to Germany, but by this time the prospect of returning to Germany no longer appealed to him. He was determined to stay in Ireland. In front of astonished policemen he tore up his deportation papers. He made an application for Habeas Corpus to the Irish courts, but after a four-day hearing it was refused. On May 2, 1947, he appealed to the Irish Supreme Court; again his petition was refused.

The Irish police were preparing to manhandle him on to a boat, when he put a phial of poison into his mouth. In front of a small crowd of Dubliners he died. . . .

While preparing to send Goerz to Ireland in the spring of 1940, Canaris and Lahousen became deeply involved in the operation which they hoped would solve all their problems with the I.R.A.—the dispatch of Sean Russell, the I.R.A.'s Chief of Staff, back to his native land.

Russell was in the United States, where the Irish Republicans had built up an efficient organization. Commanded by Russell, who had found it convenient to leave the Free State and find refuge in the U.S.A., it was well trained for sabotage and was, in fact, later in the war, responsible for the sabotage in New York harbour of the great French luxury liner Lafayette—previously the Normandie—when she was about to be converted into an allied troopship.

By the beginning of 1940, von Ribbentrop, Hitler's Foreign Minister, was taking a wavering interest in the I.R.A. At times he wanted it to foment a revolution which would seize all Ireland and, he hoped, bring Ireland over to the Germans; on other occasions he cold-shouldered any proposal for I.R.A. activity — even sabotage. But at the end of January Canaris, apparently with Ribbentrop's approval, told Lahousen to bring Russell to Berlin. There he would negotiate with the German Foreign Office on the future plans of the I.R.A. in the event—as Ribbentrop anticipated—of Churchill eventually occupying the Free State to safeguard British shipping. After the negotiations Russell was to be taught specialized forms of sabotage to enable him to direct and command the groups of I.R.A. saboteurs in the United Kingdom.

While this plan was being devised it was recalled that several members of the I.R.A. of a distinctly red complexion had fought on the Republican side in the Spanish civil war and were still in Franco's prisons.

Canaris's association with Franco was well-known, and the admiral asked the Spanish to release the most important of the I.R.A. reds—a Communist or fellow-traveller named Frank Ryan. With Russell he would be sent to reorganize the I.R.A. in Britain.

On May 3 Russell reached Berlin and was accommodated in a beautiful villa near Wannsee Lake which the German Government kept for important visitors. The Irish leader, who wore a high starched linen collar and a frock coat and didn't look the least bit like the potential leader of a guerrilla army, was at once taken in hand by the Foreign Office experts who poured into him a mixture of propaganda and wishful thinking.

The experts wasted their time. Russell was a hypersensitive Celt who loathed the Nazi philosophy. After one of the Foreign Office attempts to indoctrinate him he told Lahousen angrily: "I am not a Nazi. I'm not even pro-German. I'm an Irishman fighting for the independence of Ireland. The British have been our enemies for hundreds of years. They are the enemies of Germany today. If it suits Germany to give us help to achieve independence I am willing to accept it, but no more. There must be no strings to the help."

Russell was taken to the Abwehr laboratory at Tegel where he was given sabotage instruction. From time to time his studies were interrupted by a summons to a conference with Ribbentrop or one of his deputies.

At one of these meetings, on May 23, 1940, in the Abwehr headquarters when the Under-Secretary of State in the Foreign Office, Dr. Woermann, was present with Canaris and Lahousen, the plan for sending Russell back to Ireland was drawn up.

On August 3 there was a final meeting between Russell, Canaris, Lahousen and a Dr. Vessenmeyer, who was Ribbentrop's self-styled expert on Irish affairs.

Russell, noted Lahousen, made it quite clear that he would accept no definite mission from either the Abwehr or from the Nazi Foreign Office. This was unreservedly accepted by Canaris and Lahousen, and with less willingness by Vessenmeyer.

"The Germans are giving the I.R.A. the opportunity for a rising," Lahousen told Russell. "It's up to you to seize the chance when the time comes."

It was agreed between Lahousen and Russell that the warning for the rising would be given by a signal—a red flower pot in a certain window of the German Legation in Dublin. Vessenmeyer, on behalf of the German Foreign Office, undertook to arrange for this—and to provide financial support for Russell in Ireland from the funds of the German Legation in Dublin.

A few hours after this important conference Frank Ryan reached Berlin—and there was immediate friction between him and Russell.

Lahousen noted: "Ryan was wild—a terrorist, a gangster; Russell, on the other hand, was an idealist, a gentleman."

Next day Russell and Ryan were told that they would leave within forty-eight hours. They were to be known as "V-Man Richard I" and "V-Man Richard II."

The following day Lahousen learned that the U-boat was at sea. Nothing more was heard for a week. Then Lahousen suddenly got a terse, shattering signal from the U-boat captain—"V-Man Richard I died at sea from an unknown cause. V-Man Richard II returning to base with U-boat."

Russell had in fact died on August 9, when the U-boat was heading north towards the Orkneys for the voyage round Scotland. When the U-boat reached Ireland, Russell was buried at sea with full naval honours, his body wrapped in the flag of the Irish Free State.

RUSSELL'S sudden death sparked off a tremendous row between the Abwehr and Ribbentrop's Foreign Ministry, but there was nothing anyone could do for three weeks. The U-boat, with Ryan still aboard, proceeded on its mission against British shipping.

Then the inquiry began. The captain and all the members of the crew were interrogated. But they all said that Russell, after twenty-four hours at sea, had collapsed. He died some time afterwards. There was only a medical orderly aboard. He was fairly certain Russell was suffering from a perforated stomach arising from gastric ulcers.

Lahousen was most suspicious. He noted in his diary: "I suspected that man Ryan."

He had Ryan flown to Berlin and interrogated him for hours with all the skill and training of a professional interrogating officer. But he got nowhere.

Ribbentrop, too, was furious at this blow to his political pipe-dream, and he also ordered a special inquiry. It proved equally abortive. . . .

As well as from U-boats, Lahousen landed agents from fishing vessels.

By the autumn of 1940 he had already enrolled into the Abwehr an international ocean yachtsman who had more than once sailed small boats across the Atlantic, and was known to his fellow-members of the Royal Ocean Racing Club at Cowes as "Hein Muck"—or Captain Christian Nissen.

Nissen was ordered to go to Occupied France to find a boat suitable for taking agents to Ireland. In the small fishing port of Camaret-sur-Mer he found the Soizic—a thirty-foot yacht rigged as a fishing smack.

In July Nissen made his first trip

A MEAL TO REMEMBER

by Bernard Braden

A FEW years ago I was travelling back to London with my son and two friends after a wonderful holiday in the Highlands. We had driven hard all day and were starving when we stopped for the night in Glasgow, and we all agreed to treat ourselves to a slap-up meal.

The restaurant we chose was crowded and the service was very slow, but the food was excellent. I chose hors-d'œuvres, followed by roast duck in sauce garnished with orange. This is one of my favourite dishes and it was superbly cooked.

We were all enjoying the meal when our peace was disturbed by the entrance of a large dark man who, although every place was taken, loudly demanded that room must be made for him. The manager hastily promised to give him the first vacant place but when, five minutes later, there was still no room, the man began to get nasty.

Perhaps I was the most sympathetic-looking character there, for I was the unfortunate one he picked on. Staring at me, he began a tirade against Glasgow, the restaurant, the food and the other diners. Finally, he pointed a finger at me and accused me of deliberately eating too slowly.

Everyone was trying to ignore the man and I tried to follow their example, keeping my eyes glued to my plate. Obviously this was the wrong thing to do, for I was still looking down when the man strode up to me and, with a loud "I'll show you how to hurry," grabbed the edge of our tablecloth and with one mighty pull sent the food, cutlery and plates crashing.

In the confusion the man disappeared and a few moments later a policeman arrived.

When things had calmed down a little the manager insisted that we all sit down and, in spite of the fact that we had been up to the ice-cream stage, we were made to start dinner right over again from the beginning. The duck was even better than the first time and payment for both meals was, of course, waived.

Roast duck and orange sauce

Ingredients (quantities given are for four people): One hot roast duck; one large onion, chopped; one carrot, sliced; one stick celery, sliced; one tablespoon concentrated tomato purée; one tablespoon flour; one pint stock; two large oranges; seasoning; teaspoon of sugar; half wineglass of orange curaçao; fat for cooking.

Remove the wings, meat from the legs and breast meat from the roasted bird.

Sauté the onion, carrot and celery in butter or margarine for about ten minutes until golden brown. Add the bones from the duck, being careful to leave on them as little meat as possible. Add tomato purée, flour and stock and seasoning and leave to simmer for one and a half hours. Strain.

Squeeze the juice from one of the oranges and add to the sauce. Stir in the sugar to taste.

Arrange the meat from the duck on the plates. Peel and cut up the second orange into segments and arrange in a pattern on top of the meat. Pour over the sauce and then add to each portion a little curaçao to taste.

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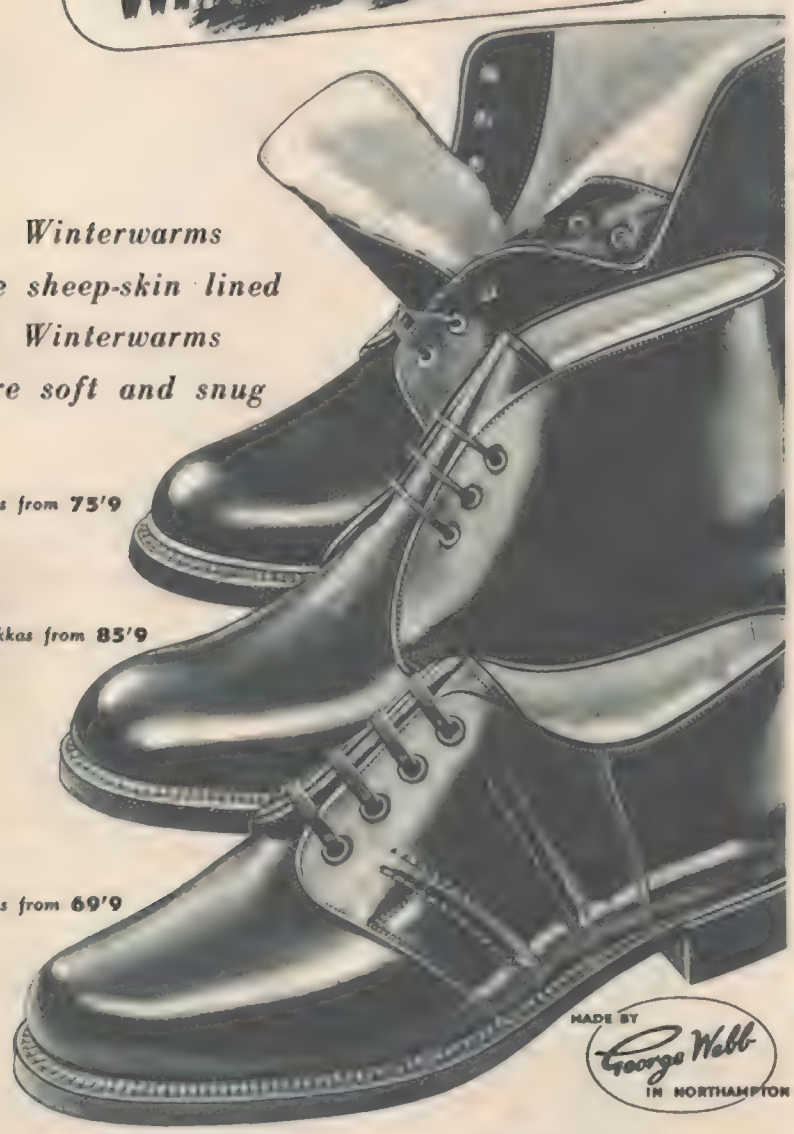

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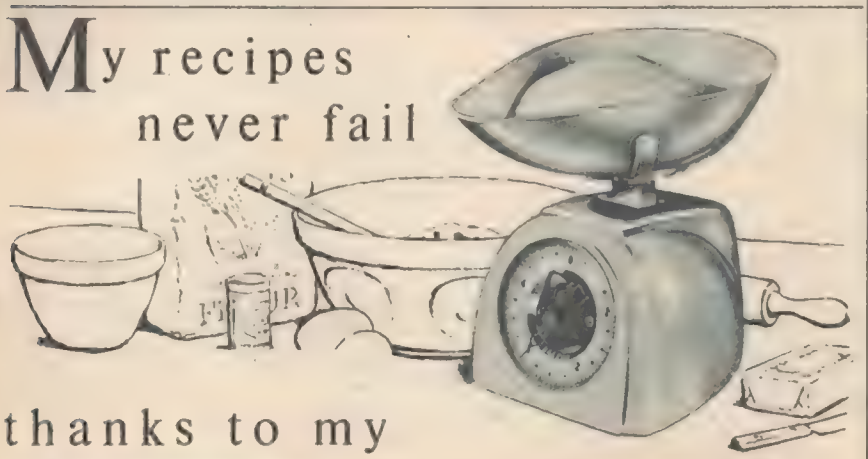

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assisted by an ageing Breton seaman as crew. As passengers he had two young Germans born in South Africa and an Indian who had lived in Germany for a long time.

On the morning of the fourth day the Soizie was off the south-west coast of Ireland when Nissen heard a shout of "*Bateaux!*" from the Breton seaman. Two cruisers of H.M. Navy were bearing down on the Soizie at high speed.

Nissen decided to try some bluff. Putting over the rudder he headed towards the cruisers as though he were an innocent fisherman anxious for a better look at them.

Suddenly, the Breton said excitedly: "Look! They're pulling away."

The cruisers were apparently satisfied that they had seen nothing more than a French fishing smack. . . .

By May, 1941, the cross-channel sailing season had reopened, and in conversations between the Abwehr and Ribbentrop's representatives it was agreed to undertake new ventures in Ireland.

The Abwehr decided to try to organize a radio service which would guide U-boats and long-range Condor aircraft on to the British convoys off the west coast of Ireland.

Two trained technicians, Captain Hellmann and Lieutenant Rieger, were to be flown to Ireland by flying boat to direct the radio installation.

Then Ribbentrop had a bigger and better idea. From some of his Nazi diplomats who were still in the United States he heard that Churchill was planning for American troops to occupy Northern Ireland. Rumour had it that after landing in Ulster they would seize the whole of the Free State. Ribbentrop therefore talked Hitler into an elaborate counter-move which on August 21, 1941, Lahousen noted in his diary.

Frank Ryan, who had been in Berlin since his return from the Sean Russell tragedy, was to be sent to Ireland with Captain Hellman. There, with the help of I.R.A. friends, they would organize a mass resistance movement to oppose the occupation.

Lahousen placed Ribbentrop's plan before Canaris. To Canaris, with his knowledge and experience of the Irish, the plan was fantastic. Canaris at once tied up the entire project with as much red tape as he could—and that was the last of the matter. No further move was made to send Frank Ryan to Ireland. Eventually he died in the Third Reich.

QUARRELS—1

Put two of the best friends together when they are hungry, and they will invariably end up in a quarrel.

Lin Yutang

Captain Hellmann, though, was parachuted into the Irish Free State where, according to the last information which reached Lahousen, he still lives as a solid Irish citizen. . . .

From time to time Lahousen made rather half-hearted attempts to inspire the I.R.A. to greater effort. One contact was a beautiful Irish actress who turned up in Berlin in the middle of the war. Lahousen was attracted to the dark Irish beauty and dined with her several times in fashionable Kurfürstendamm restaurants. Eventually she, too, was dropped into the Free State—to disappear without achieving any apparent results.

As Lahousen remarked in after years: "A lot of people used the Abwehr to get return tickets. Once they got home, nothing more was heard of them. . . ."

The problems of sending spies and saboteurs to Britain direct occupied Lahousen in the summer of 1942.

He drew up an elaborate plan to strike at the vitals of Britain's aircraft industry—two great aluminium plants in the Western Highlands, one at Kinlochleven and the other at Fort William.

Lahousen notes in his diary that for this operation a Glasgow-Irishman was to be dropped by parachute in the same area south of Glasgow where Deputy-Führer Rudolf Hess had landed a year beforehand. The man would then contact Irish friends in Glasgow and form a three-man sabotage group.

However, the absence of any further reference to the operation in Lahousen's diary suggests that for some reason it did not take place. The managers of both plants have failed to trace any evidence of sabotage. . . .

At the beginning of 1943 the Abwehr had one of its greatest triumphs: a spy travelled to Britain by R.A.F. Lysander.

Some time earlier, one of the chief Abwehr agents in Brussels, a Belgian identified in Lahousen's diary only by the code number 10015, made contact in Paris with a naturalized Briton. The agent soon confirmed that this man was a British secret service radio operator working with the Special Operations Executive in Baker Street, London.

The Briton operated a set used only for high-priority messages between London and British agents in occupied France, and for summoning R.A.F. planes to take prominent French personalities and other important passengers to England.

Spy No. 10015 soon gained the confidence of the Briton, and through him managed to penetrate a British spy ring in northern France. The Belgian was eventually given a job as courier. As a result he was able, after months of patient work, to infiltrate a second German agent, spy No. 10012, into the British ring.

Lahousen noted that at 1.40 a.m. on January 31 No. 10012, with a Belgian mechanic in the service of the British, was picked up by a Lysander in a meadow near Fleurines, in the vicinity of Senlis, and flown to England. Lahousen took care to ensure that local German troops did not interfere with the landing ground because he hoped that more of his agents might be sent to England by the same simple method.

As might be expected, in the months that followed the Abwehr found that having spies actually in the British secret service was of enormous value. Lahousen, however, was not in Berlin to enjoy it all. In the middle of 1943, after going to Venice with Canaris to warn the Italians of a Gestapo plot to kidnap the Pope, he left the Abwehr and was posted to the Russian front, where he became a major-general on taking over command of a brigade.

He was glad to go. He was only too well aware that he and Canaris were under suspicion. For a long time the Gestapo had known that many members of the Abwehr, while loyal to Germany's cause in the war, were not Nazis and opposed Hitler. Telephone calls were tapped, letters were opened and Abwehr officers and their contacts were shadowed.

Early in 1944 some Abwehr employees in Turkey deserted. In the scandal that followed, Hitler relieved Canaris of his post as Abwehr chief.

Later he was hanged in a concentration camp for complicity in the plot on Hitler's life in July, 1944.

Lahousen, though far away on the Russian front, had nevertheless played an important part in the same historic, but unsuccessful, assassination attempt.

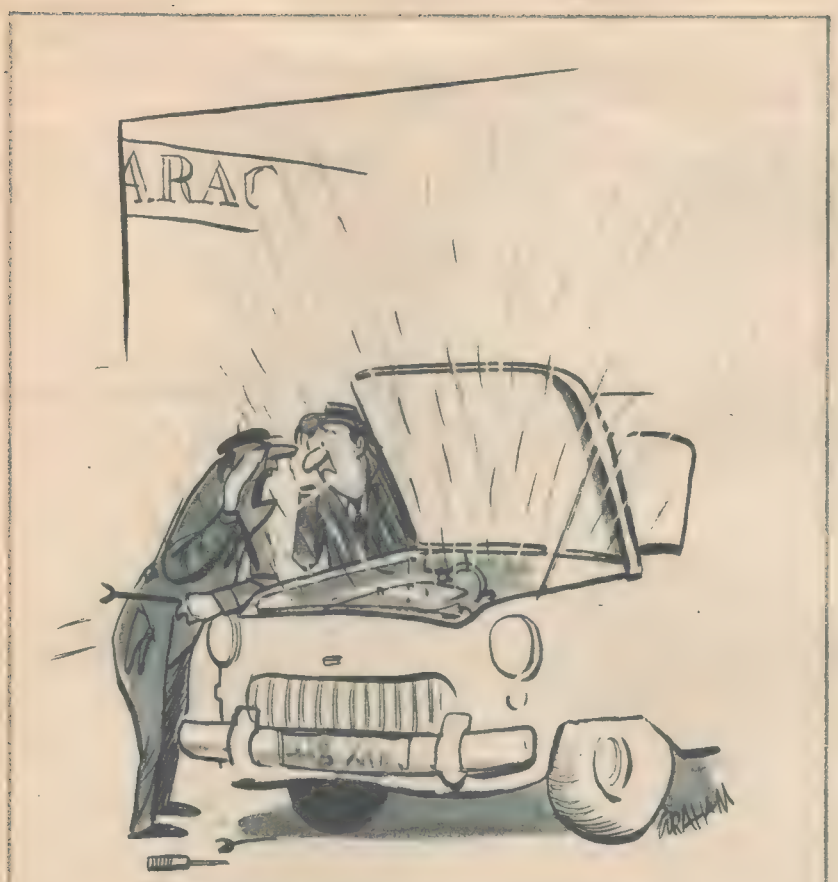
He was captured by the British soon after the German surrender in May, 1945, and was removed to the Combined Services Detailed Interrogation Centre at Bad Nenndorf near Hanover. There he surprised British Intelligence Officers by telling them that he was willing to give evidence at the forthcoming Nuremburg trial *against* Goering, Ribbentrop, Kaltenbrunner and other Nazi leaders.

Following Nuremberg and his release, Lahousen returned to the Austria he loved so much, and amid the beauty of the Tyrolean mountains settled down to the life of a retired general.

From time to time until his death in 1955, he had cordial contacts with his old friends—and enemies—of the French secret service stationed in the French occupied area of western Austria. Once a secret service officer, always one.

THE END

Charles Wighton and Gunter Peis's story will be published as a book by Odhams next year



"I said, she sounds better now, doesn't she?"

Fans pitch in to save soccer

Continued from page 25

caterer who had been an enthusiastic member of the supporters' club executive committee, resigned in protest at its lack of power in controlling the use of its £130-a-week donations to the football club. Some committee members who would not join Williams's walk-out still refer to "pouring money into a bottomless pit."

But Crocker, the chairman, stubbornly refuses to dictate to the football club. "Any money we raise," he says, "is not presented to the supporters' club but handed to us on the understanding it will be passed over to the football club. It is never our money at all. But if we do not dictate to the directors, we do make suggestions."

Arsenal was one of several famous clubs which, not needing financial assistance, at first discouraged the formation of organized supporters' clubs. But after a public meeting in Islington Town Hall, Arsenal fans set the pattern for supporters of wealthy teams by forming a club which concentrates on social activities and spends the money it raises on subsidized trips to away games.

Torquay supporters' main concern has always been to make sure that there is a League match for them to see in their own town every other Saturday. For more than thirty years they have had to work to keep the football club alive. Until 1953 their contributions were only hundreds of pounds a year, raised by whist drives, dances, raffles and a sixpenny football forecast competition. Then, like supporters' clubs all over the country, they began a weekly lottery among themselves. Selling nearly ten thousand tickets, they could offer £250 in prizes and still make £125 a week for the football team.

Since 1954 the Torquay supporters' lottery has built up their annual donations to nearly £7,000. They still do not miss any incidental opportunities to raise money. A supporter from Paignton once noticed people wriggling uncomfortably on the hard seats within the grandstand. He had a few hundred small cushions made and now takes several pounds for the club every match by hiring them out at 3d. each for ninety minutes.

"We also help the football club's finances by saving it money," says Crocker. The programme sellers and stewards he supervises every Saturday are estimated to save Torquay United £40 a week in ground-staff wages.

Five years ago Eric Webber, the club manager, walked into the supporters' committee room and asked for help in starting a youth team. With Crocker as team secretary, the supporters obtained a ground for the youngsters and fitted them out with football kit. Two players from the youth team are already established in the League side — goalkeeper Peter Wakeham and centre-half George Northcott.

"They represent at least five thousand pounds' worth of talent on the transfer market," says Crocker. "Developing our own young footballers is certainly more satisfying than scraping the barrel to buy players."

During the immediate postwar years, when Torquay United was in desperate financial circumstances, the supporters held carnivals and garden fêtes to pay the players' summer wages, to meet the travelling expenses of talent scouts and to start a fund to buy houses for established members of the playing staff. Now they are guaranteeing players' benefits.

"We handle big money for a non-industrial town with a small soccer population," says Crocker. "But we have also had our setbacks."

Providing £1,200 for floodlighting in 1954, the supporters' club had visions of mid-week fixtures with top-class teams. But the official switch-on revealed that the amount of floodlighting obtainable for that money was not strong enough for competitive football. The system is now used only for evening training during the winter.

When Webber, the manager, took over at Torquay six years ago, Crocker proudly showed him a building which the supporters had fitted out as a fully equipped gymnasium for the players. But Webber's policy was constant ball practice, not gymnastics, and the building fell into disuse.

"Our efforts seemed wasted," says Crocker, "but we eventually thought of another use for the old gymnasium."

Two years ago, the supporters converted the building into their own social club, complete with bar and skittle-alley. There they can meet, drink and relax before, during and after Saturday's match—and spend every night of the succeeding week analysing the result.

THE END

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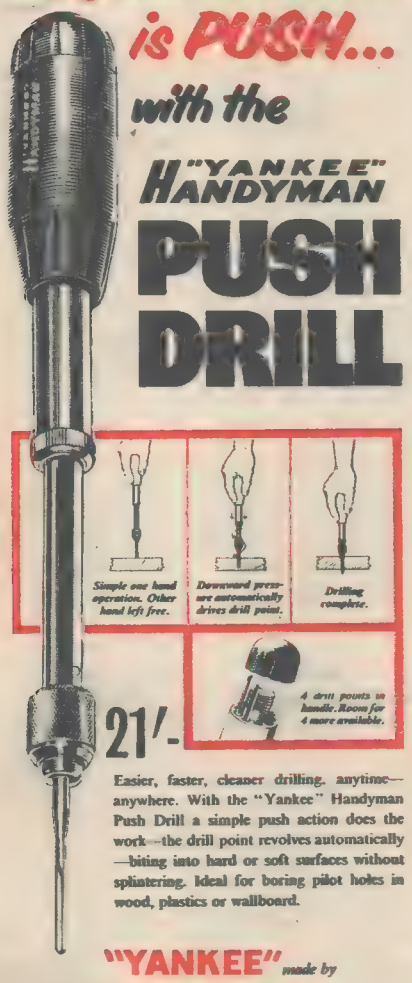

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I went shopping in Red China

Continued from page 17

time to tell me that she had seen no sign of the plane. "You had better go back to bed for an hour," she said. "I'll know then whether it's flying today or not."

She telephoned at seven thirty to tell me that the plane might now leave at ten thirty. At ten thirty she called again to say that the trip was off for the day. I stayed half-dressed in bed in the miserable hotel, trying to keep warm.

An incident while I sat up eating my lunch provided some light relief. On the trains from Hongkong I had met a most excitable Spanish woman who was travelling with her husband to Peking. "We should never have made this trip," she said. "You never know what can happen in these Communist countries."

Now, over my midday meal, I heard an urgent, soft tapping at my door.

"Is that you, Mrs. Holmes? Are you there?"

I recognized the agitated, whispering voice of the Spanish woman. I let her in. Relief spread across her face. Because I had not appeared downstairs all morning she thought that I had left in the plane for Peking and that the secret police were detaining her and her husband.

EARLY next morning Fu took me to the airport. With twelve other passengers, including the Spaniards, I boarded a small twin-engined Russian aircraft. Our luggage, with a mixed cargo which included chickens and other squawking livestock, was piled high at the back of the cabin. We had no safety belts to fasten, no sweets to suck, no orders to stop smoking.

We stopped at Hankow and at a desolate military airfield to have lunch and to refuel the aircraft. As the sun set we reached Peking. Comrade Wu, a pleasant, plump little woman from the Travel Bureau, met me. On the ten-mile drive to the city I asked pointedly if she was taking me to a really nice hotel. I hoped that a hint about my impressions of the Canton hotel might favourably influence her choice. "Well," she said, firmly, "I don't know if you will think that the hotel I have chosen is nice or comfortable, but that is where we are going."

The next morning, as I walked out of the hotel to start work, the driver of a pedicab—a rickshaw pulled by a tricycle—called out to me: "More better you take me, missy. Car plenty dear." He was a one-eyed six-foot-four giant of a man, and I was intrigued by his rusty English and by the fact that somehow he had discovered my nationality. I decided on the spot to hire him for the whole of my three weeks' stay. He cost £1 a day.

Comrade Wu handed me over to Comrade Tu, of one of the many nationalised corporations, and together we set out for the covered and open co-operative markets which the government administers. I was looking for porcelain, pottery, brocades, silks, jewellery, enamel and wooden ware, painted fans and antiques.

I soon found that I could not work under constant surveillance. I liked Tu, but the two men who sometimes replaced her irked me. After three days I plucked up courage and explained to the corporation that I was unable to choose goods with male chaperones always on either side of me. "I must be allowed to go out alone and to choose what I like," I said. At this revolutionary request the corporation officials at first boggled. Finally the corporation agreed to give me a freer hand.

I promised to report my prospective purchases to Tu, then, having approved them, she would buy them for the corporation's export department, which would re-sell them to me. I was not allowed to make any private deals. Nor was I allowed to buy everything I saw in the markets. I found several eighteenth-century throne covers exquisitely embroidered in the beautiful Imperial yellow. They had come undoubtedly from the palaces of the Forbidden City. The export department would not let me take them. I found several finely carved eighteenth century snuff bottles and numerous other antiques which Comrade Tu and her colleagues refused to allow out of the country. I got a trifle annoyed at the time, but on reflection I think I admire this desire of the Chinese to keep their historical treasures at home.

After a few days in Peking I began to find the food at the hotel boring, and I asked my pedicab driver to take me to a good restaurant. He drove to a Mongolian restaurant in a covered market. Since he could not go home, I felt that I would have to pay for his lunch. Then, as we walked together into the restaurant, I thought: *Why shouldn't I sit with him?*

I said: "I think you'd better eat with me."

"Me! Come with you, missy?"

When I at last persuaded him that it was perfectly permissible, he behaved impeccably. We created a mild sensation among the other Chinese and Mongolian diners. They never stopped staring at us.

With great ceremony my escort poured the tea, then asked whether I would like wine. Here, I said to myself, I put the limit. You just cannot be seen drinking with your pedicab driver. In my best Sunday school-ma'am tone I declined the suggestion but said that I did not mind if he had just a little wine. Over his glass he told me how much he loved wine and how much he loved to fight, but, he added, the two did not mix. "Me lose eye after wine, missy," he said.

At this, I decided that it was high time we were on our way.

Well-satisfied with my purchases, I paid the corporation concerned, gave instructions for my goods to be shipped to Britain, and paid the Travel Bureau for my accommodation. So far the trip had gone well.

But on the flight back to Canton I thought for the first time that the Spanish woman's forecast of Iron Curtain intrigue was about to come true. Three hours out of Peking we landed at a cold, windy, desolate airfield. For a quarter of an hour I stood on the tarmac with the other passengers, hopping from one foot to another.

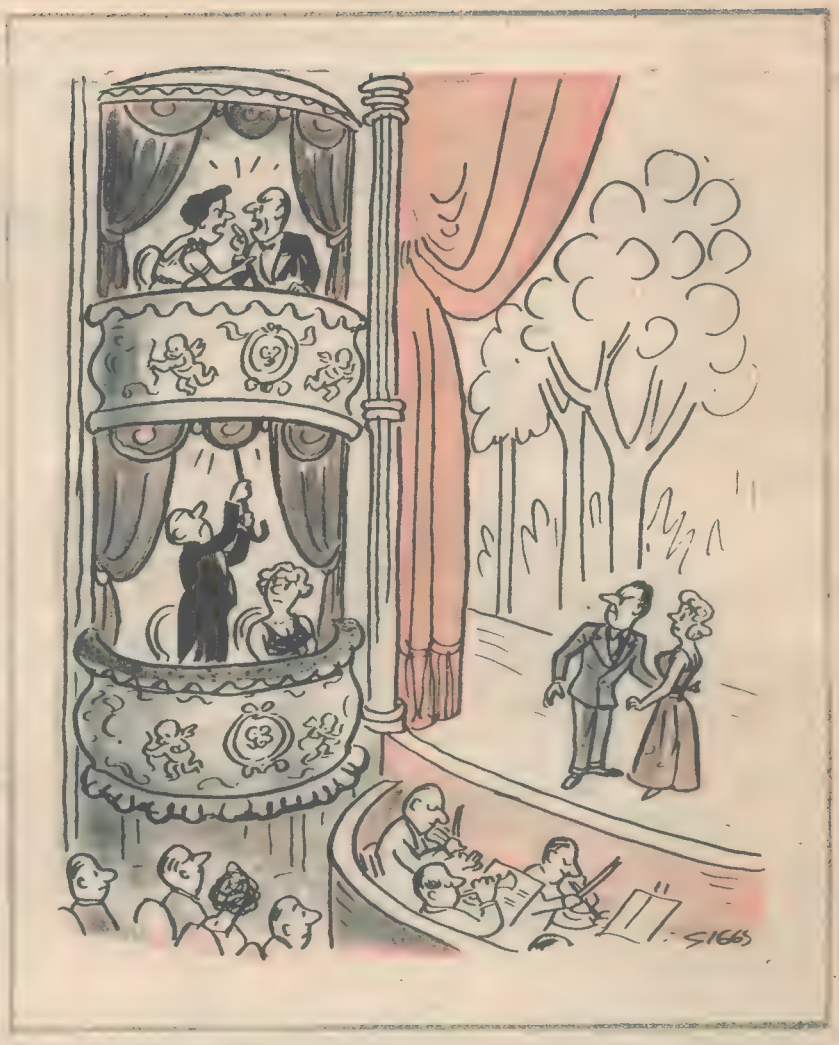
We were then shown into a hut where we spent another fifteen minutes before a station wagon took away all the passengers except me and the only other European, a Swede. For ten minutes longer we stood in the draughty hut. Then another car arrived and a Chinese beckoned us impassively into it. We had no alternative but to obey.

We drove on and on and on until at last we came to a town. Outside a large building we stopped. The Chinese beckoned us inside. To our mutual relief it turned out to be an hotel. But in the restaurant we found the torture of a five-course meal awaiting us—at half-past ten in the morning. We made grimaces and tried to refuse the meal. But the manager simply pushed us back into our seats. Somehow we struggled through it. The bill came to 3s. 6d. each.

Later we discovered the cause of the delay and the premature lunch: a heavy storm over the city had temporarily flooded its airfield.

After such red carpet treatment, our reception at Canton looked, from the air, even more sensational. I could see a huge crowd assembled at the airport. Flags and banners flew everywhere. I looked around the passengers in the plane but I recognized nobody of importance. Well, I knew that they had cabled that I was coming from Peking, but surely. . . .

The plane touched down and taxied past the crowd. We stopped in a corner of the airfield. For twenty minutes nothing happened. Then someone impatiently opened the cabin door and lowered a rope ladder. We all clambered uncertainly to the ground, and trudged nearly a mile towards the crowd whose cheers had reached a crescendo—now that another plane with a delegation from Moscow had landed. THE END



QUARRELS—2

The test of a man's or woman's breeding is how they behave in a quarrel.

G. Bernard Shaw

Greek fire

Continued from page 19

down, a guide was moving with two other people across the theatre; Anya went across to him. He knew her and greeted her effusively and they talked for a couple of minutes while Vanbrugh walked slowly round the amphitheatre.

"A friend?" he asked when she came back.

"A friend. He has a brother called Menelaus who is a good climber. If you are staying tomorrow, he would know the practical difficulties."

"And what are they?"

"He advised against it, said the snow was treacherous at this time of year. But for your future information the best place to start from is Arakhova."

They went on. Vanbrugh said: "Menelaus would be a good guide?"

"The best."

They skirted the temple ruins and began to come in sight of the road.

"Can it be done in one day?"

"Not really, at this time of the year." She stopped and peered down at a piece of inscribed stone. "The best way is to spend a night in a hut about fifteen hundred feet from the summit. Then you start out the next morning before daybreak and watch the dawn from the summit."

He stopped, and after a couple of paces she stopped and turned and looked up at him.

"Anya——"

She shook her head. "Oh, no."

"There must be women in this village. Some may have suitable boots."

"Women here don't climb. They toil in the fields all day."

"It would be a new experience."

Her eyes were fronded as they looked into the sun. "I don't care to be away from Athens overnight."

He said: "I'll make a bargain with you. If you come up the mountain, I'll tell you why I came to Greece and why George Lascou considers me his enemy—that's if you don't know already. I'll tell you why the Spaniard came to be killed; and also, perhaps, what he came here to do."

"Bribery?"

He said: "I only want you to come. I think it is important for us both. Come, Anya. You must come."

THEY took the car back as far as Arakhova. With them went Menelaus, a man in early middle age, gaunt and bearded and one-eyed. With them also went blankets, ropes, two flasks of coffee and some sandwiches that one of the small hotels had made up. Anya had borrowed the climbing boots of Menelaus's thirteen-year-old brother. She wore these and her yellow jumper and a pair of shabby ski-ing trousers.

They left Arakhova at half-past four, and there was nothing in the climb while daylight lasted. Then, as they climbed level with the other mountains, snow began to appear—earlier than Vanbrugh had calculated—at first only in patches where the sun did not reach, then in long ridges.

They sat on a high mound of stones to watch the sun wink his red eye over the side of the world. The breeze had dropped, and all about them was a great silence.

She said in English: "I am waiting."

"What for?"

"For you to tell me why you came to Greece."

"Can Menelaus speak English?"

"No."

Vanbrugh said: "Remember the spy ring of a few years ago? The Vavoudis thing."

"Oh, yes. Secret radios and the rest. Very boring."

"Not for Vavoudis. He committed suicide. But there were others who stood trial. Twenty-nine."

"I remember."

"Military counter-espionage had been trying to uncover the ring for eighteen months or more; but they couldn't. Quite by chance I happened on a sensitive spot. There was a sharp reaction and I ran into trouble and a man was killed. There was a police

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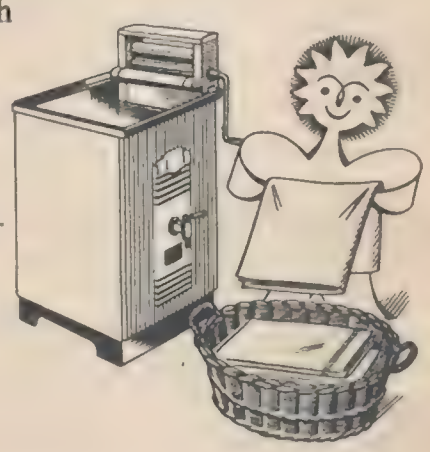

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inquiry, and from that—what came out not in court but in private—a new scent started. From there on it led to the uncovering of the Vavoudis spy ring."

"And what happened to you?"

"I was politely invited to leave. . . ."

Menelaus broke in. "Let us go, please," he said in Greek. "We have less than twenty minutes of the day left."

They reached the two stone huts about ten-thirty. Menelaus lit a fire of sticks in one of the huts and filled the lamp with paraffin, and they had their coffee and sandwiches on the bare wooden table in the centre of the hut.

Vanbrugh said: "It's going to be cold here tonight. I think we should make up the fire."

"Don't worry. I will see to that," said Menelaus. "There is some chopped wood in the next hut. We have always kept chopped wood and paraffin here." He heaved himself up, and a great shadow flung itself round the hut as he went to the door and out.

ANYA sat sideways on a bench with her knees drawn up and her hands round them. "You were telling me on the way up about the spy ring and how you were expelled from Greece."

"Not expelled—invited to leave. I went just as the Vavoudis thing was coming to the boil. I think I could still have been useful, but somebody had pulled strings."

"And what has all this to do with the Little Jockey or the accident to the Spaniard—or your feud with George Lascou?"

He gave her a long considering stare.

"Ever heard of Anton Avra?"

"No."

"He was Vavoudis's chief, the organizing brain. But he saw the red light and got out of the country just in time. A few months ago it was announced that he'd died in Spain."

"In Spain . . . ?"

"I suppose he was sent there to improve the organization of the party. He was brilliant at that sort of thing, especially in places where the party was underground. D'you remember the details of Vavoudis's suicide?"

"Wasn't he surrounded?"

"Yes, in a house in Lycurgou Street. He'd hid in a big cellar under the wash-house that you could only get into by a sliding concrete door hidden under the sink. When he was discovered, he set fire to all the party papers and records, but there wasn't enough draught in the cellar for the stuff to burn quickly, so most of it was saved. Only a few of the most important books and letters were gone. It was generally assumed that Avra had taken them with him when he left."

"So?"

"So these things were lost. But something, I believe, has recently been found. Did you know that Juan Tolosa was—or used to be—a Communist?"

"How could I?"

"I thought he had brought something back with him to Greece."

"And hadn't he?"

"He didn't have it with him. Otherwise the police would have found it."

"How do you know what they have found?"

"I know that."

"So you think that the accident was no accident?"

"I think he was putting pressure on someone here—for private gain; and they didn't like it."

After a minute she said: "What are you saying?"

"That's all I have to say."

"You've said too little or too much."

"Too much, perhaps."

Menelaus came back, his arms piled with small faggots. He said: "We have four hours to rest. I will make the fire up and then it will last a time. There is an old straw bed in the other hut and I will sleep there."

Vanbrugh looked up. "But the fire's here."

"And only two places to lie." His

smile vanished. "That is how you would wish it? I will lie on the floor here if you prefer."

Vanbrugh looked at the girl inquiringly.

"It's of indifference to me," she said. "We shall not undress, I suppose? Do whatever you wish, Menelaus."

Menelaus said: "Don't be afraid, I shall not over-sleep. I'll wake you at half-past three."

There was silence while he went about the hut, building up the fire, putting away the remains of the meal. Anya got up and walked across to the window.

"Good night, sir. Good night, Mademoiselle Stonaris."

When they were alone, Vanbrugh got up and took a few faggots off the fire. "I think it will get too hot if we have such a blaze. I'll put more on in an hour."

"How lovely the snow looks!"

"Have the clouds gone?"

"Yes."

She sat on the edge of the table. "From what you have told me so far about this Spaniard, and this Anton Avra, you are suggesting that George is in some way involved in it."

"Anya, you wanted to know what I was doing here. I've told you. Often I grope in the dark myself. I've only told you what has happened."

"And left me to make my own conclusions."

"It's all any one can do, yet."

"I can tell you that your conclusions are utterly wrong."

"Perhaps you don't know what my conclusions are."

"Apart altogether from George, I know all the chief leaders of E.M.O. I know that none of them could have any connection with this thing." She slid off the table to re-fix the clasp in her hair. "The trouble with you is you have too literal a mind. You're too ingenuous to understand the mind of a Greek."

"Even yours?"

"Mine you do not even begin to know at all."

They were asleep when Menelaus came in at three thirty. As soon as they were awake, they drank the rest of the coffee and swallowed a few mouthfuls of bread and honey. The wind was still blowing but the night was clear. When they opened the door of the hut it was bitterly cold but, by the time they had been on the move for half an hour, the bite had gone out of the air.

When they got to the top after another hour, the sky was paling slightly but it was still dark. Menelaus went off and stood by himself, staring out over the mountains, his tall, gaunt, short-coated figure outlined against the lightening sky.

Since they woke they had hardly talked together; Menelaus had been with them all the time. They stood together now, staring and unspeaking.

Then Anya said harshly: "Without enmity—without bitterness—I think this is the last time we can ever meet."

He didn't look at her. "If you give me your reason, I shall probably agree with it."

"We are on opposite sides in all this. I am not a traitor to the people I care for. You are against them and therefore I am against you. Nothing we can do can alter that—even if we wished to do it."

"Is that your reason?"

She didn't say any more. The wind was dropping, as it so often does at dawn. The light came very quickly and, as it came, the view fled away from them for endless distances through the crystal air: mountains and forests, land-locked bays, arid plains, tiny villages; sea beyond land and land beyond sea and sea beyond the land again. And then the sun came up a wild cadmium colour.

MENELAUS came back to them and bared his broken teeth. "You are lucky," he said. "It is good today. It is very good. See over there Mount Timfristos. That is seventy kilometres away. Could you believe it. And over there to the north—see, that way and much farther—is Pelion; and beyond and behind it—to the left—is Ossa. And more to the right, far beyond the sea, that grey mass, I don't know what it is, but they say that is still Greece."

They stood in silence for a time. Menelaus wandered away. Anya shook back her head as if there was a wisp of hair in her eyes. "Could that be Mount Athos—that Menelaus said was 'still Greece'? It is surely too far."

Vanbrugh said: "Anyway, it's going. It's not as clear as five minutes ago. The miracle's nearly over."

She said: "Miracle? Yes, it is almost that. A pity, when the eyes can see so far. . . ." She didn't finish.

He said: "Was that your real

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reason why you felt we should not meet again?"

"Would it be yours?"

"Not altogether."

"But you agree that this should be the end?"

"Yes." After a minute he added: "We're running on rocks—at least, I am—so quickly that to miss total shipwreck. . . ."

The sun was gaining warmth, but the day and the moment seemed very cold for them both.

She said: "Then go, Peter, go. Leave me as soon as we get down. Leave Greece and never come back. Promise you will go—at once—so that I shall never have the fear of meeting you again."

"I'll go," he said. . . .

The letter from Spain came at one o'clock on the Friday. Maria Tolosa had been on the look-out all day. Several times she had been in to Philip, her brother-in-law, who lay on his back on his bed in a litter of cigarette ends, but he wouldn't speak to her. For two days he had spoken to nobody.

It was a strong envelope, but not very big, being about seven inches by four, and not even registered. But Maria knew her cousin's handwriting. She crept with it up to her bedroom, slit the envelope up the side and took out a flat, stained waterproof wallet about the size of a tobacco pouch. With it was a brief letter from her cousin which told her nothing fresh.

She opened the wallet. Inside this, behind a mica screen, was a man's photograph and some details of his age, appearance, profession. In the pocket of the wallet were about ten letters, dated from 1947 to 1950.

Maria Tolosa had a smattering of all the western languages, Greek among them. But reading Greek was a different matter from speaking it and, to her anger, she found she could not read these letters at all.

She bit her thumb nail. Although she trusted Peter Vanbrugh, she knew she had nothing as yet stronger than instinct to go on. It would be better to get the letters read by somebody else. But who . . . ? Her landlady, Madame Nicolou? Madame Nicolou had not always kept a B-category lodging house. Before the war she had been an actress of promise, until the starvation of the German occupation had jogged her mind one groove out of true. She would be able to read the letters and, what was better, would soon forget them.

Maria slid the letters into their wallet and put it back into the envelope. Afterwards, after they had been read, they would go next to her body, in the top of her girdle, where temporarily they would be safe. . . .

SHE unlocked the door and found herself facing her brother-in-law. In thirty-nine Spanish summers Philip Tolosa had never sweated so much as he had done in this one week of cool Athenian spring. He was sweating now.

"So it has come."

Caught with the thing in her hand, she could not deny it. "The letter? Yes. There are some papers. I am taking them to get them read."

"I shouldn't do that."

He made a move to take the envelope but she held it away.

"Where are you taking them?"

"To the landlady. Madame Nicolou."

"Don't do that. Give them to me."

"No. See them later. I was his wife. What was his is now legally mine."

"You young fool!" He grasped her arm, but feverishly, almost without strength. "Don't you know this house has been watched every minute since Juan died. What chance have you of doing anything on your own?"

"Get out of my way."

"If you do anything with those letters they'll kill us both."

"They? They? Who are they?"

"Do you think I would choose this? Do you think I wanted it that way——"

"You—betrayed him," she said suddenly.

He stood with his back to the door, his face the colour of wet linen. He showed his teeth slightly each time he drew in his breath.

"You call it that. Of course you call it that. But d'you think I wanted to do it? I do not know how they knew it was Juan. All I heard, all I got, was notice to report to the party. I am still a member, you know. What was I to do?"

She stared at him, but she said nothing at all.

"They beat me up—d'you remember I said I'd fallen in the street? It was Juan's life or ours; they put it to me, one life or three.

"When he was dead they came again. Get the papers, they said, or it will be the end next for you. . . . Well, I've got the papers. Now they're going to have them."

She moved carefully an inch or two forward and spat in his face.

"Maria——"

She thrust at him with both hands, thrust him aside and took the handle of the door, got it half open. He clutched her arm, tried to snatch the envelope, and she swung round with her clenched fist and all the weight of her body behind it. It took him off balance and he fell down. She pulled the door and was out.

Half down the stairs she stopped to gulp for breath and listened, but he wasn't yet following. She slid into the landlady's office, which as usual was empty, but the door beyond was open and she heard the clatter of plate and fork. Madame Nicolou was just finishing lunching alone, in a pink artificial silk kimono.

Maria shut the door behind her and stood breathing thickly. "Can you read these letters for me, Madame Nicolou? They belonged to my husband and I can't read this Greek."

Maria thrust the first letter into the woman's long, thin hand. She stared at them.

"These are old letters. Was your husband in Greece in 1947?" she asked after a minute.

"Can you read it?"

"Of course. But it is not the popular, it is the official script. *Katharevousa*, they call it. *Mm, mm*, people pretend to prefer one or the other. As if it mattered."

As Madame Nicolou was speaking, Maria saw someone crossing the street towards the house: a stout man in a black alpaca suit. He had a fluff of beard. She heard his footsteps come into the hall but they did not go up the stairs. "Not to *yourself*," said Maria sharply. "*Aloud*, for me to hear!"

Madame Nicolou had been mouthing what she read. "But dear, this doesn't sound like a love letter. *Mm-mm*. . . . Was your husband called Anton or George? I can't recollect."

"*Read*."

"It says," began Madame Nicolou. "*Mm-mm*, it says, 'Dear Anton, the usual stuff is here. A purser from the Italian ship brought it. Five thousand. Via Paris. I can add to this one for one, but not in gold. With prices soaring, that's too precious to me, and I regret I can make what I consider better use of it. Well, it all comes to the same thing in the end. Don't tell your masters.'" Madame Nicolou raised her head. "Was that someone ringing the bell?"

"No. Go on."

"Where was I? '—your masters.' *Mm-mm*. . . . 'They expect a man to have no thought of self-advancement. Do you too? I believe no creed is above criticism or dogma too sacred to be submitted occasionally to the lights of common sense. I have too high a regard for your intellect to suppose you think otherwise. Regards.' And it is signed, 'George.' Does that mean anything to you? Was he your lover? It doesn't sound so to me."

"Is there a key to this door?"

"No dear. But I had a bolt fitted."

"A bolt? Where?"

"At the top there. But why have you bolted it now?"

Maria stood with her back to the door. Her heart was thumping. She knew now the extent of Philip's cowardice and betrayal. "There's—a man outside. He has been trying to make up to me and I don't want anything to do with him. Go on."

"Go on? What with? Oh, the letters. You look upset. Has this man been annoying you?"

"No. Go on."

"And your husband only dead a week. They have no decency, men. My mother warned me when I was thirteen——"

"*This* is the second letter. *Read* it."

There was a knock on the door.

"Shouldn't we open it?"

"No."

"Well. . . . This begins like the last. 'Dear Anton, your rebuke might have come straight out of the party inkpot. Oh, I know and agree with most of your arguments, but I claim the right to an independent voice now and again. Anyway, I'm sure you won't wish to dispense with my valuable assistance. D'you realize it amounted to eighteen thousand pounds sterling last year? Incidentally, have a care how you receive Mademoiselle d'A. Let J. M. meet her. He has the approach that women like. All that she brought is now delivered into your hands——'"

There was another, louder knock on the door. "'——into your hands.' Madame Tolosa, do you think this man will soon go away? Perhaps I could speak to him?"

Maria gripped Madame Nicolou's shoulder. "Is there another way out?"

"There's a back door. But I don't want to be left alone. This man might rob me."

"He wants only me. Don't open the door to him until I'm gone."

She grabbed up the two letters and put them back in the envelope. Then she slid through into the little scullery with its bubbling stove and copper pans.

She opened the door to the street. A tall young man stood there. He had a long narrow nose, smiling eyes, and a pert, girlish mouth.

He said: "Hallo, sweetheart," and smiled and put up a hand to her face and pushed her violently back into the scullery. He followed her as she fell and shut the door behind him. . . .

VANBRUGH was waiting for Maria and, as soon as he saw her, he knew what her phone call had meant. She came stumbling into the cellar, half blind after the brilliant light outside. She lurched against the stove, making the tin chimney sway and rattle, came up against a chair and clutched the back with both hands.

"I've lost it," she said in a sobbing voice. "They took it from me. Philip had sold us to save his own skin. Now there's nothing left."

He tried to make her sit down, and poured her a brandy, but she swept the glass off the table and it tinkled to pieces on the flag floor. Tears began to run down her face, over the bruises on her cheek and the cuts on her mouth and chin.

He heard the story through, while men moved about in the shop overhead. When she had finished he said: "The letters were all signed?"

"I've told you. I only saw two. They were both written to Anton and signed George. I know no more than you about the last eight."

"There was also this identity card?"

"It is not an ordinary identity card but, I think, a Communist Party membership card. I am not sure."

"You saw the name on the card?"

"Yes, it was George Lascou."

Something was scratching among the waste paper in the cellar. The movement upstairs had stopped.

Vanbrugh said: "I hope nobody knows that you know that. Were you followed here?"

"I don't know."

He went across the cellar and slid a grating aside. "Yes. Zachari is outside."

"Zachari?"

"The young man with the nose. You've torn his suit. No wonder he kicked you."

"So I have led them to you."

"It doesn't matter. There are six

WHY?

MRS. HARPER was surprised to see a fur coat in a second hand clothes shop. But as soon as she tried it on she knew that it was just what she had been looking for.

"It's a phantom beaver, isn't it?" she asked, gently stroking the fur. "Yes, madam," replied the salesman, "and very reasonable, too."

Mrs. Harper decided to buy. She was pleased with her purchase until, a few weeks later, she discovered that the coat was not made of phantom beaver, but racoon—a much cheaper fur.

She promptly took it back and demanded the return of her money.

The shop refused to pay. The owner said that he was very sorry but a perfectly innocent mistake had been made and there was nothing that could be done about it.

So Mrs. Harper sued him.

"My client would never have bought this coat if she had known that it was made of racoon," her solicitor said. "She thought that she was buying a phantom beaver coat, and she was told that it was phantom beaver. Since it is not she is entitled to her money back."

But Mrs. Harper lost her case.

WHY? *A barrister explains the judge's ruling on page* 39

QUARRELS—3

In all private quarrels the duller nature is triumphant by reason of its dullness.

George Eliot

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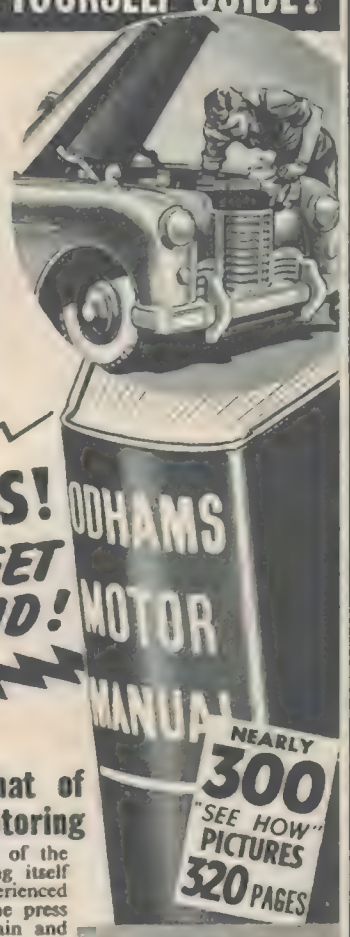

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ways out of here." He came back and lit a cigarette. "Maria, do you know who Lascou is?"

"Yes. I have not played quite fair with you. I think I have almost known that all along."

"How?"

"Juan mentioned Lascou's name twice in front of me. But it was then only a name. When he died, I suspected but could not be sure. Then you put me off by saying Avra. But gradually this week I had come to the conclusion. Lascou was in the news. I have not wasted this weekend."

"What have you done?"

"That does not matter. What is there to do now?"

He blew away a spiral of smoke. "The letters won't be destroyed yet. Lascou has been out of town all day. He's addressing a public meeting in Piraeus at six, so he's not likely to be home before eight. As these things you had are dangerous to him, he must want to see them and destroy them with his own hands. Otherwise he would never have any peace of mind."

She threw back her mane of hair: "Well?"

"He's likely to have them delivered to his flat, which is on the top of Heracles House, near. . . ."

"Yes, I know where it is. Well?"

"I think I could take a chance on getting them."

She stared at him sombrely. "If you got these papers, now that you know what they are, what would you do with them?"

"Hand them to the Army Intelligence."

"Would he be shot?"

"I don't know. But it would finish him in the way that matters."

VANBRUGH left the cellar before Maria and slipped into the cinema next door. When his watch told him it would be dark he came out and took a devious back-street route for Constitution Square.

The Square was crowded. People were taking advantage of the first pleasant evening to sit out of doors, drinking coffee and gossiping. The tobacco and newspaper kiosks were doing a good trade. The moon, shining between the trees, was only another street light hung too high for the best effect. The Parthenon was flood-lit. The windows of the seventh floor of Heracles House were in semi-darkness.

He turned in at the swing doors past the concierge, walking like a man with a purpose. The lift wafted him up to the sixth floor. At the end of the passage was the door leading to the fire escape. He looked about as he came up to it but there was nobody to see him push it open and step out on the steel platform. He wedged the door with a bit of cardboard so that it would not lock behind him.

Beneath him, midgets moved about the chequered floor of the Square. The gardens and the palaces beyond bloomed in the soft night air, and fashionable Athens twinkled discreetly as it climbed the slopes of Lycabettus.

Moving under the shadow of the platform above, Vanbrugh quietly climbed the fire escape steps up to it. A smooth concrete ledge a foot or so wide ran a complete circuit of the building. When he came level with it, he found it had the disadvantage of a slight slope downwards and outwards so as not to provide a lodgment for rain.

He lowered himself on to the ledge and his rubber soles landed comfortingly on solid concrete. Though it was a secure foothold, no handholds were provided, and it meant edging one's way along, face and hands pressed to the wall.

The building was a great rectangular block of ferro-concrete and the angle of the corner he must get round to reach the balconies and the french windows of Lascou's flat was an exact right angle. As he got his body half way round, a button of his jacket caught on the edge of the corner. It seemed to upset his balance, and just for a few seconds the whole weight of the building appeared to lean forward upon the angle of concrete that bisected him. Then he withdrew an inch the way he had come and deflated his chest and curved it inward and the button got past. Soon he was round to the other side.

From here to the first balcony was about fifty feet, and on this side he was less exposed to the lights from below. A sudden police whistle startled him once, but it was not blowing at him.

The balconies did not project but were recessed into the main structure, and the stone balustrade was within his reach, so he was able to pull himself up. This was one of the balconies attached to the large salon of George Lascou's flat. The windows were wide open. There was nobody to be seen. He stepped in.

There were four doors to the room. A light was burning under the door to the hall, but the others were in darkness. He chose the nearest. The door creaked noisily as it opened on a study. As he hesitated on the threshold, voices and footsteps came from the hall.

It happened so quickly that he had only seconds to make a choice. He stepped inside the study as the other door opened and more lights suddenly lit the big room.

Wisely, he didn't try to shut the door behind him; there was no time. He heard Lascou's voice and another, probably his secretary's. He slid behind the door; there was nowhere else.

". . . dispose of right away," George was saying. "How long has he been here?"

"Over an hour, sir."

The light clicked on in the study and Lascou came in. He had not even waited to take off his coat. If he shut the door after him, Vanbrugh was standing like a dummy. But he didn't shut the door. He dropped his briefcase and a package on the desk and then moved out of sight.

Presently there was the noise of the opening of a heavy metal door, and Lascou came into view again with two clips of new banknotes in his hands. They were 1,000-drachma notes. He opened a drawer and took out a long thick envelope and put the notes in. All this was done with his back half

Meal Timing

by RICHARD ARMOUR

If meals seem far apart,
The next one out of sight,
You're probably a person
With quite an appetite.

If meals seem close together,
If that's the way they look,
You're not much of an eater,
Or else you are the cook.

turned to the other half of the room.

"Otho. Give this to him."

"Yes, sir."

The oiled head of the secretary came half into the room and took the envelope. Lascou followed him out as he withdrew, but then suddenly turned back and picked up the package he had put on the desk. He went out again but did not switch off the light.

"See that he leaves by the side entrance."

"I take it you don't want to give him any further instructions?"

"I don't want to see him again. And, Otho, I don't want to be disturbed for a quarter of an hour."

"Dinner is ordered for nine, sir."

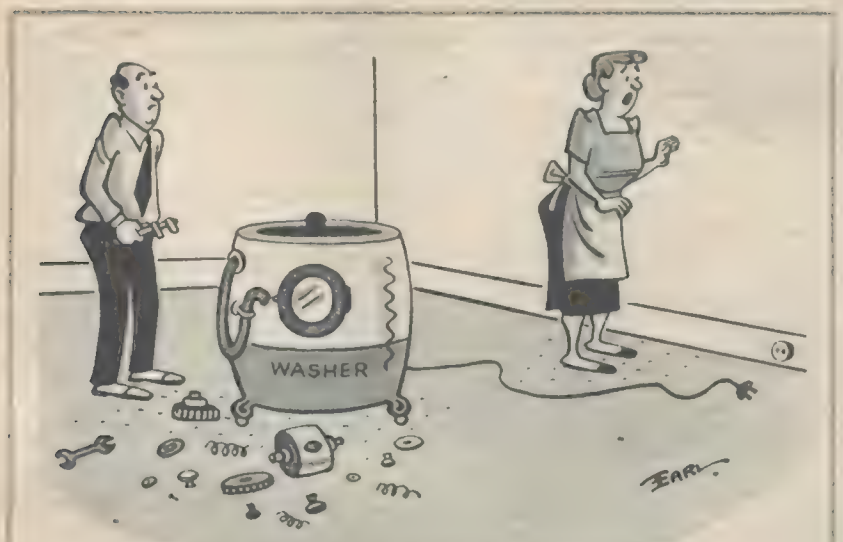
"Then let it wait."

Vanbrugh did not hear the secretary go, but after a while he concluded that he had gone. For some minutes he waited for Lascou's return to the study, but it didn't come. Then he heard the clink of a glass.

The French clock in the salon began to strike nine.

When it had finished Vanbrugh moved. As he did so, he touched the door and it gave a loud creak. That finished it. He stepped into the salon.

To be continued next week



"It's all right dear—I've found the trouble"

A soldier with the Arabs

Continued from page 15

and Pakistan, have told me that the peasants in their countries dance in much the same manner.

Next came the bedouin soldiers of the Arab Legion. Their performance was of a different nature. Whereas the villagers' dance was quick, energetic and active, the bedouins moved with a slow and dignified grace. Two lines of men formed up, holding hands and facing one another, and began a slow chant. One line recited a verse, the other answered it. The men's bodies swayed rhythmically.

Occasionally they advanced a few steps towards one another, and then retired again. Between the two lines a leader swayed and turned gracefully, a drawn sword above his head. He improvised the words of the chant, which the other dancers took up.

The moon was low over the dark cliffs of Sinai across the bay when the Amir rose and said goodnight. The troops scattered in small groups, walking back to their tents. The fire on which my troops had brewed coffee had sunk to a glow of red embers in the sand. . . .

FOR several years before King Abdulla's death, the Amir Tellal had suffered from occasional mental attacks. When his father was killed, the Amir was in a hospital in Switzerland.

The disappearance of King Abdulla caused utter dismay and confusion in Jordan. His strong hand had been at the helm ever since Trans-Jordan had come into existence in 1921.

Accordingly, it was with immense enthusiasm that the people of Jordan heard that King Tellal would return from Switzerland on September 6, 1951, and would mount the throne. The city was gaily decorated with flags and lined with troops. The people, for seven weeks without a king, were clad in their best.

The new King arrived at the airport and drove through the city with an Arab Legion escort. A twenty-one gun salute boomed from the citadel. The new King took the oath, standing before the members of both Houses of Parliament.

It was a day of relief from anxiety over His Majesty's health. Amman was full of smiling faces. For a moment we hoped that everything would once more be well, and that past happy days were to be repeated.

These hopes were all too soon to prove vain. The King continued to suffer occasional attacks of insanity.

By April and May, 1952, anyone in Amman who had any connection with palace and government circles could not fail to be increasingly aware of the King's illness.

On August 11, 1952, the Jordan Parliament was called into secret session and the King's medical documents were laid before it. After several hours' debate, it decreed the deposition of King Tellal and the succession of his eldest son, Amir Hussein. If Tellal had not been so sincere and so charming a man, his tragedy would have been less heartrending.

I was in England on leave on this tragic day. The deputy chief of the General Staff of the Arab Legion, Major-General Ahmed Sudqi Pasha, was ordered by the Prime Minister to take the Parliamentary resolution to the palace. The King received him with a sad dignity, which profoundly impressed all those who were present.

"I had expected this," he said. "Please thank the Government and the Parliament on my behalf. I pray God to bless and keep my country and my people."

King Tellal went to reside in Egypt. Later he moved to Turkey, where he lives sadly and almost alone in a villa near the Bosphorus. . . .

Arabs, Europeans and Americans alike became convinced that Jordan would collapse. But nothing of the kind occurred. In reality, throughout the year from July, 1951, to July, 1952, Jordan was as stable as ever. During the same period, there was a military revolution in Syria. Rioting broke out in Baghdad. Martial law was proclaimed in Teheran. Cairo was nearly burned down. There were street riots in Beirut. In Israel, police opened fire on rioting crowds. But Jordan still seemed to lead a charmed life.

Now our luck was to turn.

The Amir Hussein was proclaimed King on August 11, 1952. I had ridden behind his father at his wedding procession in Amman eighteen years before. For that matter, I could remember meeting King Tellal when he was about to leave Jordan to be educated in England. I had served the Hashemite family, in Iraq and in Jordan, for more than thirty years.

I had known the old King Hussein of the Hejaz, his sons, King Feisal I of Iraq and King Abdulla of Jordan, then King Tellal—and now King Hussein. I felt myself an old family retainer. Now I asked nothing more than to spend the remaining few years of my active life in the service of the young King—the fourth generation of Hashemites whom I had known.

When King Abdulla was alive, the Amir Hussein had been sent to Victoria College, Alexandria, in Egypt, for his education. But when his grandfather was murdered, his sudden elevation to Heir Apparent seemed to the Government to necessitate a wider education. He was sent to Harrow. Soon afterwards I happened to be in England myself, and went out to Harrow to pay my respects. I was received by the Amir's housemaster, and I asked him how the boy was getting on.

"He's doing very well," said his housemaster. "The boys all like him. At the beginning of the term he went out to play rugger for the first time. He had never seen the game before, and was a bit lost to start with. But before the end of the game, he was tackling low like an old hand."

I took the Amir out for the afternoon. We went to the Battersea Festival Gardens, but he was not amused. He did not want to go on the merry-go-rounds or the scenic railway. I must have misunderstood his age-group, or his early introduction to public affairs had sobered him prematurely. On the return journey, we paid a visit to Fortnum and Mason. The Royal Chamberlain in Amman had been unaware that English public schoolboys had tuck boxes. We repaired the omission.

After his father's abdication, King Hussein left Harrow and returned to Amman on August 25, 1952. But although Hussein was King he could not exercise his royal prerogatives until he came of age at eighteen years old. He returned to England for an abbreviated course at Sandhurst. A regency council acted for the young King in his absence.

IN April, 1953, Hussein was eighteen and returned to Amman to be inaugurated king. His youth, his good looks, sympathy for the misfortunes of the royal family and hopes for a return of prosperity and stability, united to make him universally loved. In so far as lay within my power, I encouraged King Hussein to tour the country, to visit all units of the army, and to show himself to the people. Everywhere he received enthusiastic ovations. I suggested also that he should get to know the officers of the army personally, and many visits to units were arranged.

The King also invited officers to the palace. Jordan had always remained stable, owing to the devotion of the army to the throne; the continuance of this devotion seemed to me the best guarantee of stability in the future. . . .

It was in the spring of 1953 that swarms of locusts arrived from Central Arabia, threatening the crops which were the life-blood of the country. As usual, the government appealed to the Arab Legion. The equivalent of a brigade of infantry was employed.

Mature locusts arrive in flying swarms which eat comparatively little. They bury their eggs in the ground and die. When the eggs hatch, the tiny locusts cannot at first fly. They can only hop, and they are voraciously hungry. It is at this stage that they devour everything, leaving a green countryside as brown and bare as a board. The art of fighting locusts is to locate these swarms of hoppers—not always an easy task in Jordan, an area nearly the size of England.

When a swarm was located, my troops moved against it with their supplies of bran soaked in poison. The troops extended in open order, each man carrying a can or sack full of poison, which he scattered on the ground in front of the advancing hoppers. The hoppers ate it greedily and died within a few hours. The task of reconnoitring for the swarms, pinpointing them on the map, reporting back the locations by wireless and then moving troops and supplies to the map references received, was quite a military operation.

I flew out with the King and landed in the desert to watch a battalion fighting locusts.

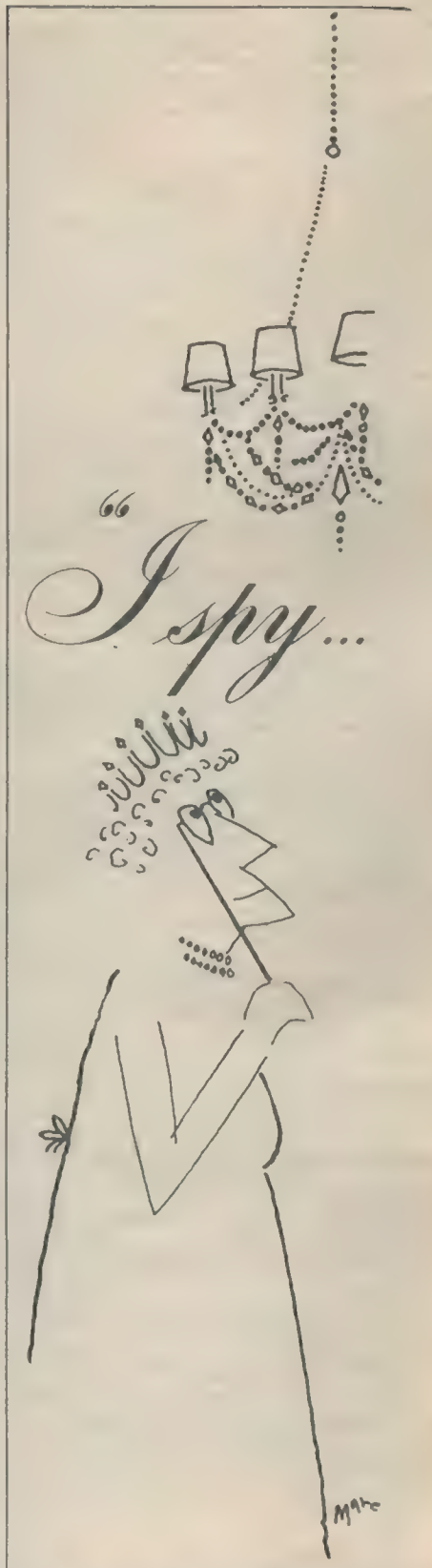
At the end of the day, when I took my leave, the young King thanked me. "Pasha," he said. "Wherever I go in Jordan, I find the Arab Legion doing everything. The whole country seems

WHY?

See page 37

BECAUSE, said the judge, although there had been a mistake on both sides as to the quality of the coat, that did not make it essentially different from what it was thought to be—namely, a fur coat. Besides, Mrs. Harper had inspected the coat beforehand and had made up her mind to purchase that specific coat—so she had, in fact, bought what she had intended to buy. It might have been different if she had bought it from a firm of furriers.

(*This verdict is based on actual cases*)



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to depend on the Arab Legion alone. I have no words to express my thanks to you and the army."

I was deeply touched. "The army and myself are always in Your Majesty's service and in that of the country," I replied.

And I meant every word I said. . . .

In May, 1953, tension with Israel increased. There were fourteen shooting incidents in four days.

The United Nations Truce Supervisory Organization was urged to persuade the Israelis to conclude an agreement for the co-operation of Israeli and Jordanian officers on both sides of the border.

The year 1954 was also one of constant alarms and outbreaks. May and June passed in a continuous succession of incidents, recriminations and threats. "Further clashes on Israel border" . . . "Arab farmers fired on by Israelis" . . . "Four Arabs shot at work" . . . "Israelis attack Kherbet Illin"—and so on, day after day.

Shooting also broke out again in Jerusalem. As soon as things had calmed down, General Bennike, head of the United Nations truce staff, started an inquiry. He finally issued a statement that it was impossible to prove which side had been the aggressor.

My mother, who was ninety-one years old in 1954, was living at the time in the American Colony in Jerusalem. Her bedroom window looked out over Israel, and she received a burst of Israeli machine gun fire through it. When I hastened to see how she was, she told me that all was well.

"I've moved my bed to the other side of the room," she said. "Now I can't be shot through the window."

This habit of firing indiscriminately was an outrage. Both armies were by now well established in concrete bunkers or solid defences, and could fire down streets filled with civilians at no risk to themselves. Nearly all the casualties in Jerusalem were civilians. The shootings cost Arab Jerusalem hundreds of thousands of pounds in tourist cancellations.

I have always remembered Oliver Cromwell's saying that a soldier fights better when he knows what he is fighting for. Ever since I commanded ninety men in the first desert patrol in 1931, I have constantly collected all those under my command and explained to them every detail of the situation in which we found ourselves. I then invited questions and discussion.

When the Arab Legion grew to ten thousand and then twenty thousand men, I could not talk with them all. But I visited units and gave talks to all the officers and n.c.o.s.

Our discussions after I had summarized the situation were usually frank. I remember an occasion when a corporal asked: "Why does Britain always help the Jews and never the Arabs?"

"That's a very important question," I said. "Who was it who saved what is left of Arab Palestine from the Jews?"

"We, the Arab Legion, did," he replied.

"And who pays for the Arab Legion?" I asked again.

"Britain," he answered.

"Well, then," I said. "It doesn't seem that Britain helps only the Jews."

"I never thought of that," he said.

But these talks of mine conflicted with a viewpoint which was almost universally held, at least by the Levantine Arabs and Egyptians. This generally held opinion was that morale must be kept up by telling lies—or we may perhaps state it more fairly by saying that it is unwise to tell the common people all the truth. Possibly this belief was reinforced by the weak politicians' desire to buy peace, even if for a short time, by pretending that everything was going well.

This unwillingness to say anything unpleasant seemed, indeed, to be deeply ingrained in the Arab character. For example, when our neighbours took their little boy to the dentist they told him that he was going to the cinema, until he was actually in the chair. And if an Arab patient in hospital is dying the relatives are always assured that his health is improving.

When, therefore, I spoke truthfully to the officers and men of the Arab Legion, the politicians considered that I was undermining the morale of the troops. In their opinion I should have minimized the strength of the enemy and exaggerated our own. . . .

Internal political strife marred the end of 1954. In a Communist-inspired insurrection during a general election on October 16, troops of the Arab Legion had to open fire in Amman. This broke a record of thirty-three years' civil peace. Since the creation of Jordan in 1921, no soldier or policeman had ever fired at a civilian crowd.

In Palestine, in the Lebanon, Damascus, Baghdad and Cairo, *coups d'état* and revolts were endemic. Syria and Saudi Arabia had suffered complete rebellions. But in Jordan there had been none of this. From 1921 to 1951 the stability had been due to the personality of King Abdulla. Three years after his death the tradition was destroyed. From October, 1954, onwards, Jordan was to become just one more unstable, passionate, blood-stained Arab country.

We in the Arab Legion devoted a great part of our time to planning. We had so many possible crises before us, were surrounded by so many enemies.

The defence plan we decided upon was that half the Arab Legion was left in Zerqa, ready to meet any Israeli invasion. The other half was stationed on the west bank of the Jordan. There most of the troops were stationed nearer road junctions some miles behind the front line, so that they could go to the rescue of any village attacked. A few detachments were placed actually in the front line.

The day-to-day defence of the front-line villages was the duty of the National Guard, an auxiliary army of civilians with regular Arab Legion officers and n.c.o.s.

Such was the outline of the plan.

King Hussein's five months at Sandhurst had interested him in military matters. I decided to try to explain my defence plan to him.

We discussed who should be present. We agreed on the Prime Minister and

---

QUARRELS—4

I have noticed that when chickens stop quarrelling over their food they often find that there is enough for all of them. I wonder if it might not be the same way with the human race.

Don Marquis

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"It's just that I have to choose between keeping your Jacqueline or my staff"

the Ministers of Defence and Finance. I emphasized the need for secrecy and that no unauthorized persons should be present.

It so happened that the day before that fixed for the discussion of our plans at the palace, the King spent the day with the Legion. We visited units and discussed defence problems. I drove in the King's car all day. He chatted cheerfully. When we arrived back at the palace, he thanked me and said how much he had enjoyed the day.

Next morning we assembled in the palace, hung up our maps and prepared our papers. The King came in, accompanied by the Cabinet ministers agreed upon. An officer from our Intelligence Branch then gave an appreciation of the Israeli Army.

I stood up to explain our plan. When I had spoken for a few minutes, the King suddenly exclaimed: "I had forgotten. Excuse me a minute," and left the room. We waited for his return. A few minutes later he re-entered, accompanied by two young A.D.C.s, some palace officials and a few others.

"Please carry on," he said to me, when these individuals were seated. Such was the result of my exhortation to secrecy.

I concluded my explanation, which occupied a little more than an hour. There was a short silence, then the King himself rose, and stepped out in front of the audience.

"I want to say a few things," he remarked. He took a piece of paper from his pocket and began to read, rather nervously.

"I do not agree with any of the plans we have heard," he began. "I will never surrender one hand's-breadth of my country. The army will defend the demarcation line. Then we shall attack. I will sanction no withdrawal." He proceeded to denounce many other "mistakes" in the command of the army. He claimed that officers' promotions were not properly handled, that we were wrong in planning to build a new headquarters and other points of detail.

"Finally," he said, "we are grateful to the Chief of the General Staff for all the work he has done, but I think now it is time for him to enjoy a rest."

When His Majesty finished his speech, the A.D.C.s and palace officials clapped loudly. There followed a minute of tense silence. Then Taufiq Pasha, the new Prime Minister, said: "May I have the text, sir? I will have copies typed, and we will see what action can be taken." We rolled up our maps and papers and withdrew.

This extraordinary scene struck us like a thunderbolt. The King had always been charming to me. Never had he expressed a word of criticism. It is true that we had heard stories. When he was in England he had met students from other Arab countries. He had made a few remarks to various people, seeming to indicate a certain resentment against Britain, but, on the other hand, he seized every opportunity for a holiday there.

After the King's speech I allowed two days to pass to think it over. I then called on the Prime Minister and asked him what course I should take. He advised me to do nothing, and said that he would discuss the matter with the King.

A few days later I saw the King myself in the palace. I had made a note of the points to which he had referred in his speech, and I asked his permission to explain each in turn. His attitude was now transformed. He was smiling and friendly. He cut me short and remarked deprecatingly that they were small matters, of no importance.

His facts were wrong in all his criticisms. The most important issue at stake, however, was that he had rejected our plans, and insisted on the deployment of the whole army in a thin line all round the frontier, with orders to every man to die in his place but never retreat.

We could, of course, have complied with His Majesty's orders. But if Israel had then attacked, they would have broken through in one or two places and occupied the whole country while the army still sat deployed in its static positions on the frontier.

It is difficult to visualize a countryside from a map, even for experts. A visit to the ground always proves enlightening. We decided that careful examination of the ground would convince the King that his plan was impossible.

King Hussein agreed to spend three days in the field. We deployed a considerable number of troops in their battle positions and then took him round to see how they looked. After three exhausting days His Majesty admitted that he was convinced. He never referred to the subject again while I was in Jordan.

After my departure, however, he told the press that my plans for the defence of the country were unsatisfactory—that he had ordered me to change them, but I had refused.

His accusation was a warning of events to come.

NEXT WEEK: Schoolchildren lead riots that paralyse Amman

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Queen of Egypt

continued from page 11

necklaces of coloured glass; scarves like rainbows made of silk. He had a couple of his men repaint her tent and sign, and at every rehearsal he had her sitting there in state, watching.

All the time Gus was smouldering inside like a volcano, and he began to work on the sideshow people, telling them that the tent-show was ruining us all, and that this new act was only going to make things worse because it would be more expensive than the old one, with new chariots that could collapse and be mended again, and new gear for the men staging the fight.

"What it boils down to," he'd say, "is that you're working yourself hoarse so that Tony can buy trinkets for that little slut. How long do you want that to go on?"

He got a lot of them to listen. They might not like Gus very much, but at least he was their kind, and not a gipsy. Even in show business there's a kind of barrier between the gipsies and the travelling people, and neither ever really trusts or likes the other. This business between Gus and Tony only brought the split out into the open.

Pretty soon he had the show in two factions, except for one or two of the older ones, like me, who wouldn't get dragged in. And after a while it got so bad that it wasn't safe to walk down the horselines by yourself, unless you were a gipsy; and a gipsy who didn't want a cracked skull stayed clear of the side-shows.

"Looking at this sales chart, Finchley, makes me think we should perhaps do something else in between times"

BUT still Tony wouldn't quit. Maybe he just wouldn't give in to Gus. Or maybe he just didn't have thought in his head for anything but the Queen. She had his heart in her hands by now and threw it here and there like a ball. An hour she wouldn't smile at him could turn his face grey. And until she condescended to come to a rehearsal, he rode his chariot as if it was a tram. But let her come, let that small foot tap on the planks of the benches; let that dark face laugh at him out of the shadows, and he was born again. It was almost sad to watch a man become such a girl's plaything, and yet there was beauty in it.

All this time, of course, Tony had been giving the old show in the evenings, as we moved south towards our big autumn pitch at Fermor. That was where he planned to put on the new show for the first time. He had posters of it out ahead already, and the night we came there I could feel a new excitement even in the small bit of a crowd that always watches us put up the tents.

The next night there was more. Tony had had the gipsies round the town talking, spreading lies about how, the last place they'd done this act, a charioteer was killed. And, although I don't suppose anyone believed it, the scent of blood seemed to draw them in. We could feel it even up in the side-shows. The crowd came to us all right, but their minds were down in the big tent already, where the show was to go on at nine o'clock.

About five to nine the Queen came over to me. She had her grandeur on and her eyes were like dark-brown flames.

"Come on, Jimmy," she said. "Stop stealing the hicks' money and come on down to the show. It'll rise the hair on your head, I tell you."

We walked down together in the darkness, and all the crowd seemed to be flowing with us towards the white cliff of the tent; past the candyfloss stall with its smells and colours; past the fox-headed lady who'd shut up her booth already and taken her head off; past the dark shapes of the caravans.

The feeling in the tent was like electricity. You know the smell of sweat and sand and sawdust, canvas and paraffin, and a thousand people packed on seats that hold six hundred? It's always wonderful. But that night the tension sang like a harpstring in the crowd.

We came right down to the ringside, with nothing between us and the yellow oval of sand except the wooden barrier. Gus was sitting a little way up to our right and most of the side-show men were in the front couple of rows.

Suddenly I didn't like the look of them; not just that they were whispering together, but the way they stopped when they saw us coming, as if it was something that the Queen and me mustn't hear. And now and then they'd glance along at Gus and give him the nod, as if they were telling him something was all right.

Then the show started, with a roll of drums and the first act coming out: gipsies got up like Don Cossacks pirouetting their horses so that the hooves came over the barrier.

There were the usual things Tony had always had, but cut to the bone this time so the crowd couldn't get tired. Then, suddenly, the arena was empty, and a spotlight on the entrance picked out Tony's cousin Mickey, dressed like a Roman trumpeter.

He had a way with a bugle, that boy, that would stiffen your skin: big, brazen tongues bellowing, and then very soft, like hounds crying far away in a wood. Then he went out into the centre of the arena to announce the chariot race, and there was a wild clatter of chariot wheels as Tony came, two big black horses galloping, heads tossing, manes flying, and Tony in his golden helmet like a block of bronze except for a scarlet cloak.

He galloped round the arena once and pulled his horses up to a snorting, haunches-halt just in front of the Queen. Then a groom came, leading the other chariot, and the "Romans" who were to stage the fight at the end came sidling in along the front row in the shadows, Tony's cousin along with them.

"Where's my challenger?" Tony shouted.

"This is all part of the act," the Queen whispered to me. "He's going to call for someone from the audience and then Mickey will come out. . . ."

But it didn't work out like that. "Where's my challenger?" roared Tony, and suddenly up to the right there was a flash of movement and Gus was vaulting over the barrier.

"Here," he said. "I challenge you," and he flexed his arms and shoulders until the blue silk shirt he was wearing nearly split at the seams. I saw Mickey dodging about, not knowing what to do, and the side-show men holding their stomachs in with laughter, and I knew what was up, or part of it. They were out to wreck the show.

I felt the Queen moving beside me and nailed her to the seat with my arm. "Be quiet," I hissed. "Do you want to make it worse?" Because there wasn't anything anyone could do.

Even Tony saw that after the first second, and waved to Mickey to keep quiet. He pointed to the empty chariot and Gus climbed into it the way a bull walks up the ramp into a lorry. And I saw Tony smiling with tight lips and very cold eyes. There was more than him that was going to be surprised, because it isn't as easy to drive a chariot as it looks, and in an arena barely fifty feet across it isn't easy at all.

But, of course, Gus didn't plan to drive that far. I think that he meant to start the fight himself almost before they got moving.

"Are you ready?" shouted Tony. "Send us away, trumpeter."

Mickey lifted the bugle and blew. Tony gave one lash to his own horses and then leaned over and curled the lash along the back of Gus's inside horse. It leaped as if it had been burned, and I thought Gus was a goner then. But he had guts, and more balance than you'd have guessed, and he just managed to keep his feet in the chariot.

Then they were neck and neck, sand spurting high, the horses screaming and Gus clinging to the reins for life. You could see in his face that things hadn't gone the way he'd meant them to, and the side-show men were looking lost, as if they didn't know what to do next.

I could see the triumph in Tony's face and, if he could have only left it at that, he'd have won. He just had to ride a few times round, keeping clear of Gus and leaving it to Gus's horses to do their work by themselves, and then race out through the exit gate with Gus trailing after him. He could have come back and staged his proper show afterwards and no one would have known the difference except us.

But he couldn't give up the chance that Gus had given him, especially with the Queen watching. The show was planned to end in a fight. Gus had come out to make it quite a different kind of fight, with his own men swamping the gipsies. So, Tony must have thought, now that the tables are turned again, let's keep them turned.

The third time round he swung his chariot into Gus's with a crash that shook the tent. A wheel went up in the air like a spinning firework and the chariots smashed to matchwood. They were built to smash, but not as much as that, and the horses went wild and kicked the bits to heaven. We found slats of wood afterwards as high as the back row of the tent.

But no one was worrying about the chariots then. Gus went sprawling and Tony leaped on top of him with the butt of his whip swinging, and they rolled in the sand like tigers fighting. Women were screaming in the darkness and the horses were galloping wild with a tangle of broken wood and harness behind them.

I heard the crack of the whip stock on Gus's skull and the side-show men went over the wooden barrier in a wave, with the gipsies in their Roman tunics tangling with them like wildcats. I was on my feet shouting, and the Queen beside me, and I thought it was just excitement at first, until I realized she was shrieking: "Tony! Tony!" as if she had gone mad.

"He'll be killed," she shrieked, "he'll be killed." Then she was down into the arena and flinging herself at him, eyes wild with fear for him, dark hair streaming, clutching his arms to stop him fighting. I saw Gus climbing to his feet with the blood streaming down his face and a chunk of chariot shaft in his hands. The Queen saw him, too, and she screamed once and ran, and I wouldn't blame her, for there was death in Gus's eyes: the death she had seen in the cards that night in my caravan.

For a second Tony hesitated. All round him his own men were slugging it out with the side-show men, and the tougher part of the audience was beginning to spill over the barrier into the fight. But I don't think he saw anything but the Queen running. He just pelted after her.

I couldn't believe it for a minute, and neither could anyone else. But it was true. The Queen ran like an arrow through the exit and Tony after her and, with him gone, the fight was as good as over. Within a minute or two there was nothing left but the wreckage and Gus staggering round the arena with a cracked skull.

I HELPED put him into hospital, and then went back to Tony's caravan to wait for him and the Queen. But they never came, and long before morning I knew that they never would come. Tony wouldn't come back after what had happened. No matter what he did, the gipsies wouldn't forgive him for that night. He had run and left them for the Queen and he was finished.

It was morning when they found his cloak. A boy looking for gulls' eggs saw it first, like a splash of blood on the rocks. Fermortown is almost on sea level, but the stand we had was a piece of waste land a bit above the town, on the edge of cliffs more than a hundred feet high. Anyone running out of the big tent into sudden darkness, and not knowing the lie of the land, could easily have gone over. And the way the Queen had been running, her eyes were blind. They found her scarf a half-mile down the coast, eventually, when it floated in with the tide.

None of it made much stir. Just a couple of gipsies drowned—and it was so obvious what had happened that no one had any doubts. After all, if they weren't dead, where were they? And Tony had been dressed in a Roman tunic. How far could he go like that?

But it isn't hard for a gipsy to steal clothes, or hide after, and I often wonder. Maybe it's just wishful thinking, wanting to believe that a girl like her and a man like him could be so swiftly dead. Although maybe it's worse to think of such lovers slowly old. For neither of them had the cast of mind for evening. It was all morning with them, or else midnight.

And yet, and yet . . . the spring never dances in my blood but I hear the Queen of Egypt laughing, and I know that somewhere, somehow, she must still be alive. THE END

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Stormy Meeting
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That Christmas Feeling
In Arkansas
The Next Crisis
Non-stop Performance
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Still Alive
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Challenge To Our.....
..... School
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EXAMPLE .....
BULLET _____
EX. .....
B. _____
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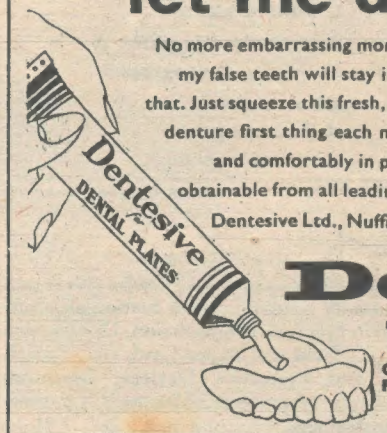

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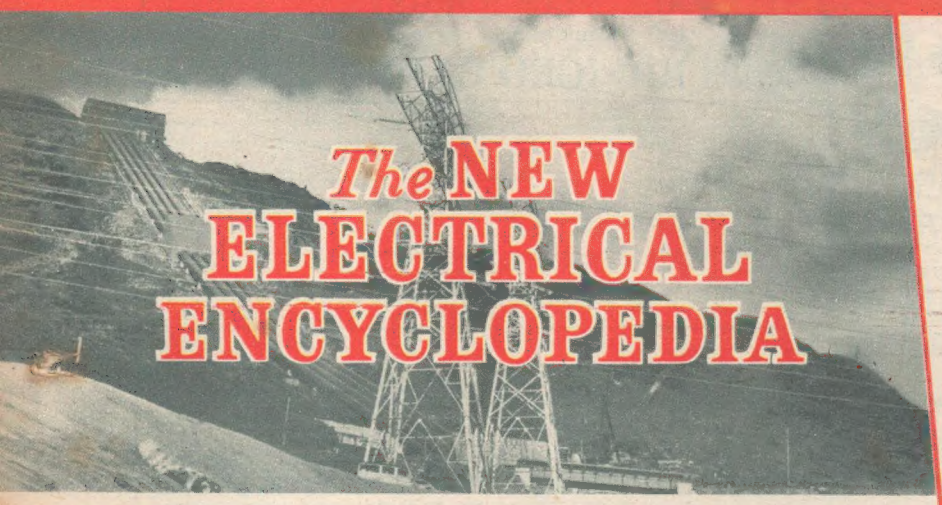

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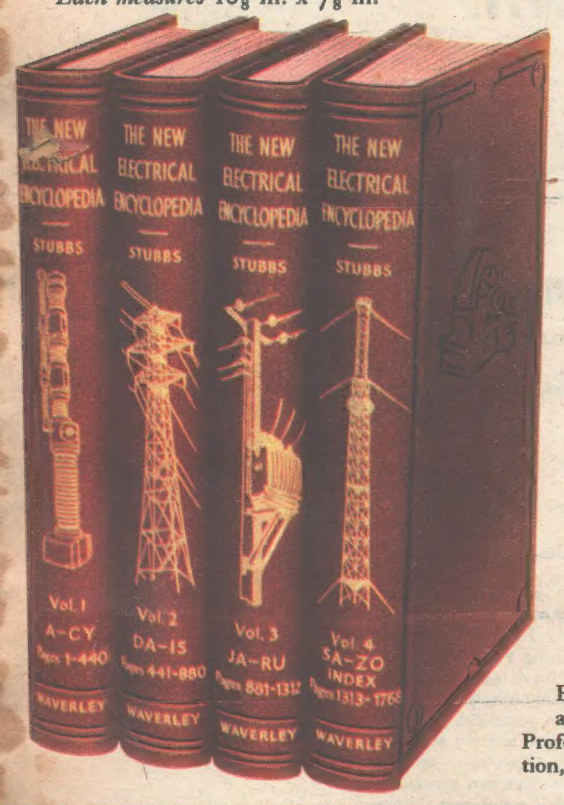

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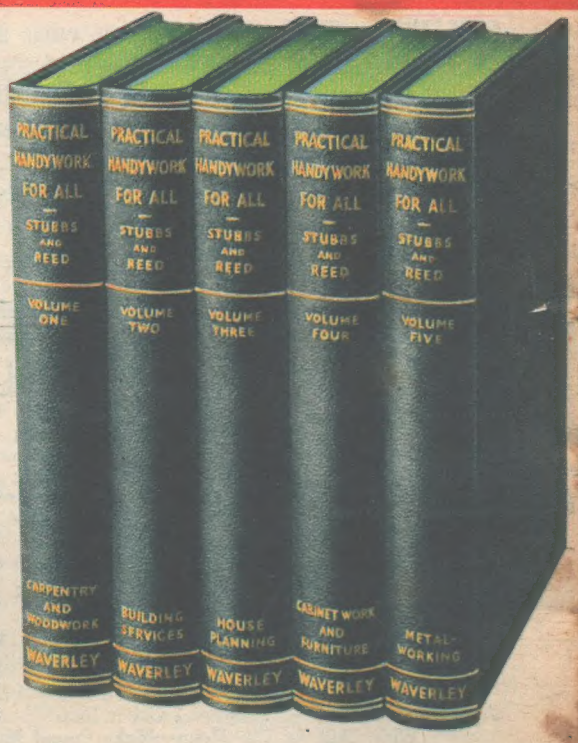

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